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Adam

V O L. 3 N O. 2



**the
man's
home
companion!**

ADULTS ONLY!

a word from ADAM This time, ADAM is really loaded for bear — no matter how you spell it! — in pictures, fiction and the article-feature division. Should your fancy be for photographs of ultra-nubile young females sporting alone or in clusters, ADAM offers the fantastically feminine Sandy Lane, buxom blonde Sharon Walton, Sally Jensen, the exotiques of Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon and the bevy of nude beauties in "The Immoral Mr. Teas", undoubtedly the most sensation-ally sophisticated and daring comedy ever filmed. • As for fiction, the brilliant and prolific Connie Sellers (that's a he, fellows) opens the issue with a chilling blockbuster in "The Crab", Jay Edmond offers a shocker in "Hi, Neighbor", to pick out a pair from the many. For Peter van Haick fans, there is an uproarious novelet in which the gargantuan undergrad finds himself trading political prestige for an all-girl girl. Yes, ADAM is loaded, really loaded, with the most satisfactory entertainment in print!

See me at the Crazy Horse Saloon on page 54.



Adam

MONTHLY

VOL. 3 NO. 2



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FOLLOW THAT GIRL! ... to pages of delightful entertainment when ADAM goes on location with the cast and crew of PAD Production's new film, "The Immoral Mr. Teas". See page 22.



Deep within the dark, caressing waters of the sea, she taugth and
showed him things no man had known before

THE CRAB

by CONNIE SELLERS

COSIMO GRUNTED at the weight of the net. It was a good catch, money dragging heavy below the surface. His lips twisted. On other boats, such a net needed three men to lift it. Here, one man was enough. Cosimo Ferrante was enough, anywhere.

His hands, salt-hardened and hairy, dipped into the green of Monterey Bay as the boat balanced itself on a swell. He grunted again, and lifted.

It was then that the round white breast with its pink tip broke the water.

Cosimo thought immediately of money. Often there were rewards for the bodies of people lost in the sea. If not a reward, then a small present from a grateful family.

The rest of her came dripping up with the net, seaweed flowering in the yellow sand of her hair, another rigid nipple, armpits of wet ivory.

Bent crablike at the low rail, Cosimo hooked his fingers into her hair to drag her aboard. The naked belly, beaded with salty diamonds, slid across his hip, and the legs, and after them, the spread fins.

Then she gasped.

Cosimo didn't believe it for long seconds. He didn't let go of her hair, simply because he had never let go of anything he found in the sea.

The words were damp and tired. "Please —" she said, "let me go."

He stared at the white of her body puddling the deck, at the strong, round woman of her, and longest at the wide green fins where her feet should be.

— turn the page





Bent crablike at the low rail, Cosimo hooked his fingers into her hair to drag her aboard.

CRAB, from page 4

"Fish woman," he said, "Mermaid."

Her face tightened against the pull of his hand in her hair. "You hurt me — let me go."

"What? Throw a thousand dollars back into the sea? Maybe *five* thousand dollars?"

Crouching over her, Cosimo put the flat of his palm against her skin. Warm, not the cold of fish. Firm, not the sagging soft of the girls on Alvarado Street.

Eyes of the ocean on a cloudy day stared wide into his. "Your hand is strong," she said, "as is your net. I tried to break it so you would not see me."

Both his hands were on her shoulders now, tightening, lifting. "But now I *have* seen you. And nothing breaks away from the hands of Cosimo Ferrante — from the pincers of Arangio."

"Arangio," said the wet mouth against his own. "That is the fisherman's joke for crab. I have heard them call it to each other in the night."

"They do not laugh when they say it to me. And now, there is no other fisherman to hear." He said it through his teeth as he clamped her lips hard between them.

A twisting like the blue Marlin with the hook in its mouth; long white legs tangling and untangling in the net; and strong, firm woman of her to him; with him in the sun growing brighter.

Salt wind kissed at them, at coral-white skin and sunblack skin, and Cosimo sat up.

"You are more woman than fish,"

he said.

Sleepily, she pressed her cheek into an outflung arm. "It is so with some of us — my people. With the others — no."

"Your people," he said, tightening the heavy leather of his belt, "your people, there are many of them?"

"Umm," she murmured, "sometimes. You are strong, Arangio, stronger than your net. I am very tired."

"Sleep, then. There is time."

Her eyelids fluttered. "Time?"

He turned from her and took up the trailing net. Hand over hard hand, it came into the stern. He had not answered her, and when he looked again, she was asleep.

Time, he told himself, was to think. Strong woman, beautiful and not laughing at his wide shoulders and short, bent legs. Not a beer smelling woman from a bar, but new and loving.

Cosimo's thick brows wrinkled. There was no reason why he should sell her. There was no reason why he could not take her in a truck to the big cities himself, and show her for money. There would be even more that way.

She was a fine woman, but also a long car with silver on it, and beautiful hundred dollar suits, and maybe a fine house. If he did not sell her, but kept her to show, she would still be with him at night, firm and white in his bed.

Cosimo thumped the flat of his hand against the rail. That was how it would be.

But when he turned to wake her and

tell her this, there was only a wet spot on the deck, fast drying in the sun. Cosimo clawed his powerful hands and shook them at the sea that had closed over her without a splash.

She had cheated him, as all women cheated him. But this one had robbed him of a fortune, and he cursed long and violently at the rolling waters of the bay, and at the sun.

Another boat coasted past, and the fishermen seeing him standing in the stern and shaking his fists, called to him.

"Hey! You — big Arangio! Have you torn your net, or has the sea father stolen your catch?"

Cosimo shouted across the water at them. "I'll break your backs!"

They fell silent, and the boat moved on toward the berths at the Municipal Pier.

For three days Cosimo Ferrante took his boat far out into the bay, even though two of the days were blowing and dark, and other fishermen stayed home and talked of his madness to their wives.

On the fourth day, his hands gripped the rail when the gold of her hair broke the surface, only a few feet away from his boat.

"Mermaid," he said to the wet red mouth and the seabottom purple of her eyes, "you came back. You came back to me."

A twist, and she was at the boat, smiling up at him. "You said yourself none could break away from the pincers of Arangio."

She flicked herself high out of the water and reached for his hand. "My Arangio — my crab of the land."

White, white and water smooth in his arms, then. Flattened against him, her necklace dug at his chest, and he held her away.

His heavy brows went up. "Your necklace; those round things — gold!"

She sank to the deck. "Yes, your people call it that."

His fingers caught at the strand. "Spanish writing on them. Two, maybe three hundred years old."

She nodded. "The boat is very old — the boat that carried these."

"Spanish gold," whispered Cosimo, "a treasure ship?"

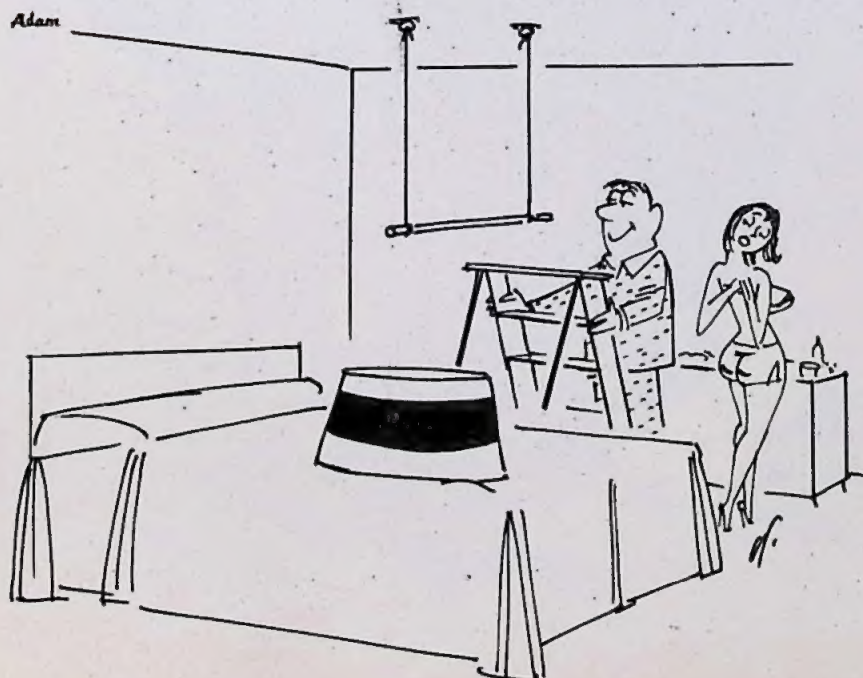
His fingers made red marks in her flesh. "In that ship, are there chests of these things?"

She drew back. "Yes — I think so. There are broken boxes that spilled these upon the sand, and pretty things like shells, of many colors."

Cosimo whispered it again. "Spanish gold and jewels for a king."

She lifted the necklace of gold pieces over the softer gold of her hair

— turn to page 32

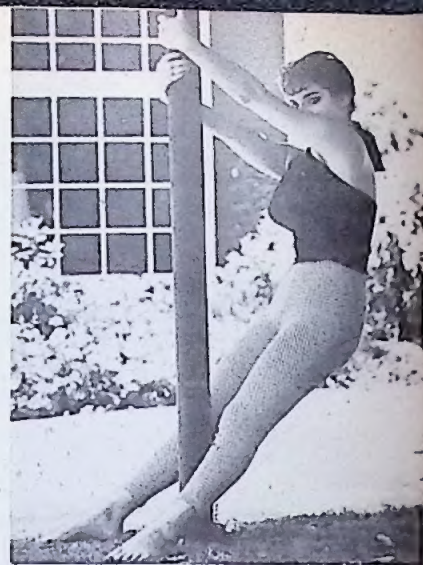


"Just once, Hon, let's just be old fashioned."

this Lane has many turnings

by **JOSEPH TURNER**





WHOEVER COINED the wheezy old chestnut about it's being a long lane that has no turning never was fortunate enough to look at a current Hollywood Lane with the given name of Sandy. Sandy may not be exactly a long Lane, standing as she does five feet five inches tall in her calluses, but she has more, more intricate and much more pleasing curves than a multiple traffic intersection on a modern big-city freeway.

According to ace-photographer Russ Meyer, who shot the accompanying pictures, Sandy is quite definitely a female phenomenon, not to say a statistic standing on shapely, symmetrical stems. She tapes in upstairs at a 40-D, which makes her, says Russ, exactly one woman in 102,000. Considering what goes with it, including lower tapings of 22-36, a beautifully boned face calculated to launch several thousand ships, a figure calculated to stop traffic anywhere and a lazy, pert, completely sensual personality, and in Sandy you have not merely one girl in 102,000 but one in 1,020,000!

Sandy has long, dark-brown hair, tilted light-grey-green eyes, lips like a pair of lush, ripe pomegranites and no girl-friends at all. She is wholly addicted to Capri pants and tight sweaters loose at the neck and a sleek 1957 Thunderbird.

She is the daughter of a prosperous businessman, so doesn't really have to work if she doesn't want to. She is 21 years old and devastatingly Hollywood-wise for her years. She is an only child and quite happily spoilt thereby, although she says, "My father is the only thing or person I've ever been afraid of in my life."

She's not afraid of the water, although she says, "I don't swim, I just sink," but to date there have always been swarms of enthusiastic males on hand to rescue her whenever she shows signs of imitating the S.S. Titanic. She is definitely a Hollywood type, having been born there and attended and grad-

There's only one woman like Sandy in every 102,000 that comes along

uated from the Hollywood Professional School. Her ambitions at present? "To be either a model or an actress, whichever comes easier."

"Seriously," she goes on with a near-totally non-serious gleam in those slanting grey-green eyes, "I believe in taking life as it comes." Apparently, when you look like Sandy and enjoy it, such a philosophy makes for a far fuller existence than any attained by more earnest and hardworking souls.

Although she graduated from school four years ago, Sandy has only been career-active for the past five months. At that time, she was palling around with pinup models Barbara Barrett and Sue Darby, and they sold her on the idea of getting paid for putting her ultra-buoyant charms on display for the camera.

"Outside of that," she says, "I did a lot of sleeping nights when I wasn't out partying around." Like the healthy, sensual young animal she is, Sandy demands and usually gets a lot of sleep. But before she could get her modeling career under way, there was a Las Vegas interlude that put a crimp in her slumber-scheme.

"An agent here in Hollywood," she says, "wanted Barbara (Barrett) and me to go to Vegas and work at the Dunes in the show. But Harold Minsky wanted to use us as nude models, and we didn't want to do it. So Barbara came back, and I latched on at the El Rancho Vegas, as a showgirl."

She worked there four months, much of the time behind Eartha Kitt, whom she admires greatly. "She has a poodle named Snowball, and I have one named Imp, and they used to play together," Sandy reveals in a breathtaking revelation.

Vegas put a serious crimp in Sandy's slumber regimen until she caught onto the local system. Then, "I slept all day, until about seven in the evening, and helled around all night after the final show. I quit when the weather became too hot. In the last two months, I've driven my Thunderbird ten thousand miles."

When interviewed for this story, she added, "I've been modeling exactly one week. So far, it's been easy." Asked what she intended doing once she had run through all the modeling assignments in Hollywood, Sandy replied promptly, "I think I'll go to New York and model there. No, not fashion modeling — with my figure, I have to have everything I wear custom-built."

Whether New York is ready or not





for Sandy Lane remains to be seen — and the remains should prove interesting when the inevitable collision occurs. She has not visited the Eastern Metropolis since she was twelve, and remembers Manhattan chiefly for its mugginess. Recently, at an important film party at the Beverly Hills Luau Restaurant, owned by Steve Crane, Lana Turner's ex-husband, Sandy came undulating in wearing skin-tight gold-lame Capris and caused a major dentonation duly recorded on the seismograph at Mt. Palomar, many miles away. A similar explosion in New York's Harwyn or El Morocco might cause the Statue of Liberty to drop her torch into the Upper Bay.

Sandy is about as much of an egg-head, if much less Irish, as the proverbial Paddy's pig. Says she without a qualm, "I read the gossip columns, the headlines and the funny papers, nothing else. What with my sleeping and partying, I don't have the time — and, I might add, the inclination."

If you're built like Sandy, who needs Dostoevski anyway?

Nor is Sandy much of an athlete, although she can be something of a surprise on a horse. Not long ago, she was coaxed by her boyfriend of the year into going for a horseback ride out of the Pickwick Stables in the song-celebrated San Fernando Valley, just over the hills from Hollywood.

"I had a horse named Brownie," she says, "and I couldn't get him to do anything. So my boy-friend suggested I just didn't know how to handle the horse. I said, 'All right, you try him then,' and we traded mounts. I cantered off on his horse, and a little later, along came Brownie with an empty saddle. He had tossed my friend flat on his tail and come on alone to join in the fun. My buddy had to eat off a rubber cushion for a week."

Sandy smokes, but drinks, "very occasionally" — this with a wrinkle of the very pert, very pretty nose. "As a matter of fact, in Vegas, one night, I had four dry martinis, and then a special double-martini. I had a tummy-ache all the next day and had to keep two pillows on it. You can put me down as being through with drinking from that day on."

Her favorite hobby is "good-looking boys" and she collects pictures of same. As for sex, after pondering the problem for a good half-minute, her reply was, "To my way of thinking, sex is the difference between boys and girls." Beyond that, she is definitely for it.

Being as amiable and spectacular-looking as Sandy brings its own peculiar problems believe it or not, especially in Hollywood. For some



reason, she finds herself a target for males who are, at bottom, wholly uninterested in female companionship. Says she, "They like to make passes at me in public so other people will think they're normal. I even lost a boyfriend, the one of the horse bit, to one of the biggest names in show business that way. What made me mad about it was I'd been going with him for a year and never even suspected it. Maybe that's why I've been driving my car so much lately."

It is doubtful, however, that Sandy has much, if anything, to worry about. She can be not only spectacularly good looking, but spectacularly entertaining, being given to fiendishly clever imitations, in voice and manner, of everyone she meets who attracts

her interest. A few such impressions, delivered in public, have an effect on the originals and their friends, quite the reverse of the late Dr. Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People." But Sandy doesn't care, since she has assets on display Dr. Carnegie could scarcely have had in mind when he wrote his famous best seller.

Along with her somewhat undefined actress-model ambitions is an equally undefined but more urgent desire to have a lot of money. Since Sandy is a Lane with such very curvy turnings, it's a safe bet she'll get it whenever she really decides to turn her hand to it. This girl is as appetizing as a Parker House roll, and a whole lot sexier.





MAKER OF DARKNESS

by K. ROBERT HOWARD

IN VARYING SHAPES, types and degrees, the charlatan has probably been with us since the dawn of human time. But never has there been an imposter to match Count Alexandre de Cagliostro, Adored Pupil of the Sage Althotas, Foster Son of the Sherif of Mecca, only son of the last King of Trebizond, Supreme Grand Master of the Egyptian Free-Masonry of High Science, and finally Grand Cophta of Europe and Asia.

In the decades immediately preceding the French Revolution, Cagliostro, practicing every sort of promotion, fraud and chicanery that could be allied with his self-assumed high estate, was the supreme charlatan of Western Europe, the advisor and hoodwinker of Cardinals and Kings, the master-of-ceremonies of more obscure mumbo-jumbo and false ritual than even the most ingenious founders of American Greek-letter college fraternities ever conceived. In fact, many of the great imposter's ritual flummery was adapted, or adopted whole-cloth to awe and frighten new members. When it came to flim-flamming a personal public, Caglios-

— turn the page

**Of all the thieves, liars, rascals
and pimps the world has ever
known, Cagliostro was the
master and his beautiful lady the
ideal high priestess of evil**



DARKNESS, from page 12

tro was top dog on the all-time thieves' all-world team.

To muddle and mulct the almost endless list of Spanish Grandees, Italian Barons and Princes, French Ambassadors, English Dukes and Flemish merchants who fell prey to his artistry as a magician-thief, Cagliostro's rituals included the crystal ball, the making of gold from base metal, the transportation of rope into silk, pebbles into pearls and powder into roses. He employed medications that would, in all probability, have the Narcotics Bureau on him nowadays. He "created" little men out of mixed elixirs according to the "laws" of that earlier quack, Paracelsus, and purportedly kept a sylph, or magical female of matchless loveliness only six inches high in an ebony case lined with gleaming white satin.

Perhaps because he was basically inarticulate on paper, perhaps because, in his busy later life he was never able to find the time, Cagliostro never sat down and wrote a book . . . or, if he did, it was destroyed and its very existence obliterated. The bulk of the facts we know about this prince of phonies, excepting for the vast wealth of legend and gossip that developed in the wake of his adventures, a wealth mined liberally by both Balzac, Dumas and hundreds of other romantic novelists, comes from the dry, detailed pen of an anonymous scribe of the Grand Inquisitor of Rome.

Cagliostro, for early misdeeds while wearing the frock of the Church, and for his later years of vast success in amassing wealth as a practicing high priest of a definitely un-Christian re-

ligion, was under Papal scrutiny and investigation during most of his adult life. And his investigators made detailed reports of his activities, reports that were carefully filed and annotated and transcribed with a matter-of-fact non-editorial directness whose veracity must be respected.

Naturally, he was not born Cagliostro and everything else in the way of exotic titles he assumed. His name was Guiseppe Balsamo, his early nickname was "Beppo", his birthplace was Palermo in Sicily, the date 1743, and his father was a small-time storekeeper and trader of very limited means, income and education.

With the rapidity of development that is so common in Mediterranean peoples, Beppo grew up to be a stocky, fat-faced, bully, braggart, thief and all-around town lout and nuisance. His particular forms of trouble-making appear to have included stealing laundry, promoting dog fights, upsetting and robbing vendors' push-carts and organizing juvenile gangs for robbery, rape, and riot — in short, the typical juvenile delinquent whose pattern has become so distastefully familiar to present-day city-dwelling Americans. He showed all the earmarks of an incipient Grade-B Al Capone.

There were family councils and punishments, of course, and bawlings out that only incited the disgusting Beppo to further rule violations. Finally, it was decided something had to be done to salvage him, and a maternal uncle arranged his admittance into a local monastery, where he was given a job as the apothecary's apprentice.

An eighteenth century chemist's

laboratory, especially one in remote Sicily, must have resembled something out of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice", with its fantastic alembics and retorts and other primitive instruments and potions and powders, strange evil-smells and spirit flames. At any rate, it was sufficient to stir the young Beppo's imagination, and he actually took to the work so well and warmly that the old Monk in charge made something of a pet of him, and spent long hours initiating him into the magic of his trade, as well as instructing him in how to deal with the out-patients who used the apothecary as a cut-rate drug-store.

The Inquisitorial story of Beppo's being bounced from the Monastery of the Benfratelli has it that, assigned to read to the Brethren during meals, he substituted obscene or blasphemous texts of his own composition, for which he was lashed with leather thongs and expelled. Actually, Beppo did something he shouldn't in the apothecary shop. Perhaps he stole from its supplies and resold them, perhaps he defrauded one of the out-patients, but whatever he did, it was sufficient to earn him the monastery gate.

The next step in his extraordinary career was to become a painter. For some years, he eked out a partial living by painting those gaudy, dreary Italian land and seascapes that continue to turn up not only in low-grade Italian art-galleries but on the sidewalks and fences surrounding New York's Washington Square twice a year, during the outdoor exhibitions.

However, such relatively honest drudgery was not sufficient for a teenager of Beppo's ambition, vitality, past and utter lack of character. He quickly became a pimp and high-class prostitute's go between, substituting in the latter instances for the yet-to-be-invented telephone. Among his early clients was one of his own charming cousins, for whom he obtained paying customers.

To this he added the practice of transcribing and, if there was a profit in it, altering the letters between whores and clients for which he served as messenger. Bearing this in mind, it is all the more remarkable that he never set down his memoirs in a book, for apparently, thanks to his Monastery training, plus that received at an earlier school where he was almost beaten to death, he could express himself readily enough with the pen. But Beppo preferred using his gift more profitably, and made considerable side money as a forger, once creating an entire false will so that a religious institution could inherit an estate on which it had been counting.

In addition to his talents with the pen, Beppo was gifted with a great

Adam



"Our maid won't leave us now, Mom . . . Dad's upstairs holding her down!"

muscular prowess which enabled him to become more than ever the minor-league terror of Palermo. He bullied, stole, swaggered, fought and raped until the swindle of a local goldsmith made the home town much too hot for him.

His trail is lost, for the next few years, while he seems to have roamed the Eastern Mediterranean, continuing his petty thievery and picking up a first-hand smattering of the rim of the mysterious East.

Ultimately, he returned to Rome and scrounged a living making hideous oil paintings, watercolors and pen-and-ink sketches of the Colosseum at sunset and the like, to unload on the steady stream of tourists who made pilgrimages to the Holy City and whose religion was far sounder than their artistic taste. It was there, somewhere, that he met the woman who was to metamorphosize him into Count Alexandre de Cagliostro et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

As his partner-to-be in chicanery, this girl seems outwardly quite unlikely. She was christened Lorenza Feliciani, and she was the daughter of an obscure and unfashionable maker of girdles and gloves.

However, there was a genius-adventuress lurking under the unlikely exterior, and, in the hulking, dishonest Beppo Balsamo, she sensed mortal clay of a far higher caliber than anyone else had noted. All too evidently, she was in love with the ungainly fugitive from the first, with an almost terrifying, single-minded devotion, and perhaps love gave her an insight denied others of Beppo's acquaintance.

Somehow, these two seem to have acted as catalysts on one another, to bring out qualities that either did not exist or had lain dormant before they met. Lorenza was as unhindered by scruple, conscience or morals as Beppo himself—for morality would have spelled death to the venture they plotted and carried out together. Instead of virtue, force of will was substituted, along with a self belief that made truth of the most appalling lies they could concoct about themselves.

Beppo, transformed into Cagliostro, was to be the front—the polished, deadly, fascinating man of mystery and mysterious knowledge for whose secrets the rich and credulous were glad to hand over their wealth and prestige. A false biography, suitably romantic, was worked out for him, and learned and rehearsed until it assumed the substance of truth.

As Seraphina, the woman of hidden knowledge who was to serve as his high priestess, the astute Lorenza was content to play a secondary role for the public—although her intuitive shrewdness was to make her the true back-

seat driver of their chariot of chicanery and fraud. During certain periods, his provincial penny-pinching instincts and small-town bully's ego were to drive him into rebellion against her holding the reins—revolts which always proved regrettable, since, without his priestess, the "Count" tended to revert to Beppo Balsamo, usually with lamentable results. Their career was a team job, and it needed both cylinders working to succeed.

She had the devil's own time getting them started, for the newlyweds were living with Lorenza's family, and there was plenty of room, scallopini and vino, as well as his bride's ready charms to keep the Maker of Darkness contented. He wanted to put the new act to the test right in Rome, where he could enjoy the creature comforts his marriage had brought him.

Seraphina, however, sensed that their operation needed a larger stage for success, and, as usual, she was right. In some unrecorded manner, she managed to promote a family discord that resulted in their being expelled from the family roof. Then, having spent some of her savings on a hooded velvet cloak for herself and a second-hand blue-silver-and-white Prussian colonel's uniform and sword for her mate, she put both of them aboard a stage for Milan.

They didn't make the big-time overnight, of course, and much of their early wanderings is obscure. But, from the Inquisitorial biography, has come enough to reveal that they worked their charlatantry on promising suspects throughout Italy and Western Europe, employing the inns and taverns of

highway, town and city, arranging carefully contrived "accidental" meetings and using their wits and gadgets to drive home the fraud and bring in the ducats. When they set up regular, if temporary, lodgings to pluck a harvest rich enough to demand time for the plucking, they placed over their office doorway a sign in French, then the language of the Continent, that read, "Daring, Will power, Silence!"

Nor did this imaginative pair of scoundrels stick to a single technique for reaping the crop of suckers they met. In mere weeks, they were offering a materialization of the devil to their spiritual thrill-hungry clients. There were, of course, awakenings of the dead, of long-decayed Pharaohs and conquerors and philosophers, whose return from the shades was nicely calculated to affect their clients with the importance of the occasion, and whose exact appearance and speech could not be checked upon by the querulous.

In short, they used all the apparatus which have become so dreadfully familiar through the spiritual mediums that have infested American society since the great revival of a century or more ago. Yet, there was something more—as in the case of the most effective latter-day mediums, Cagliostro at any rate seems to have, like all great liars, become infected with belief in the drivel he was pitching. Whether Seraphina, hard-headed little daughter of the broken Roman cobblestones, ever grew so soft is highly doubtful. But then, somebody had to maintain a level head.

—turn to page 33



"Don't let my panting mislead you, Orville—I'm asthmatic."

The dream of paradise still exists,
but today it just isn't practical

Harem Headache

by EARL PRATT

THERE ARE MEN who dream of going to Mars. There are men who dream of becoming industrial tycoons, oil barons, orchestra leaders and movie stars. There are men who dream of owning cabin cruisers, of writing great books or plays, of playing concert violin. On a more humble level, there are men who dream of catching gigantic fish or possessing complete do-it-yourself kits or even of getting that ten-buck raise. All kinds of men have all kinds of dreams.

But there is one dream every man has dreamed, since the dawn of history and the oncoming of earliest adolescent urges. Though he may deny it as obscene or juvenile, though he may suppress or sublimate it during his active years, it is an enduring dream, one that remains in his reverie until he draws his final breath.

This universal male dream is the dream of having a harem, of being able to return, morning, noon or night, to a home liberally sprinkled with soft satin cushions, inhabited by shapely

females of all pleasing shapes, sizes and colors, dedicated solely to service of his sexual drives and idiosyncrasies. Huey Long struck a deep responsive chord when he proclaimed his campaign to make "every man a king." The late Senator from Louisiana would have struck a far deeper, more responsive one, had he said instead, "every man a sultan." However, Huey had to consider the women's vote, which made it out of the question.

Since most American women in this day and age are dedicated to the



cartoons by DENNIS

proposition of keeping a single man chained to the marital masthead, they are as dead set against the harem idea as the men are secretly for it. It was righteous and respectable American womanhood that spearheaded the persecution of the polygamy-minded Mormons a century ago — just as, today, they lead the judicial assault on teenage sex-clubs and the like, where harem conditions at times are at least simulated on a low scale.

However, the viewpoint of women can be altered to fit almost any sort of social custom desired by astute propaganda — if the men who teach them custom and religion from infancy get together and decide to do so. The real trouble with trying to fulfill the male harem-dream lies in the fact that it simply isn't practical.

Harems and the machine-age do not go hand in hand — nor do harems and any sort of republican or democratic government. In the first place, there simply aren't enough women to have harems for everybody, despite the slow but steady increase in women over men on our population charts.

To get any kicks out of a harem, a man must have at least the four wives allowed by Mohammed — otherwise, he's merely going to get tired of two

or three women instead of just one. Both Mohammed and Brigham Young, founder of the Mormons, had a good many more. One of Mohammed's surviving widows said of the founder of Islam after his death, "He liked talking, sweets and women . . . but mostly women." None of Brigham Young's widows talked for publication, but they seem to have been, for the most part, a dour, hard-working lot of pioneer dames, calculated to make any beauty contest judge avert his startled eyes in shuddering horror.

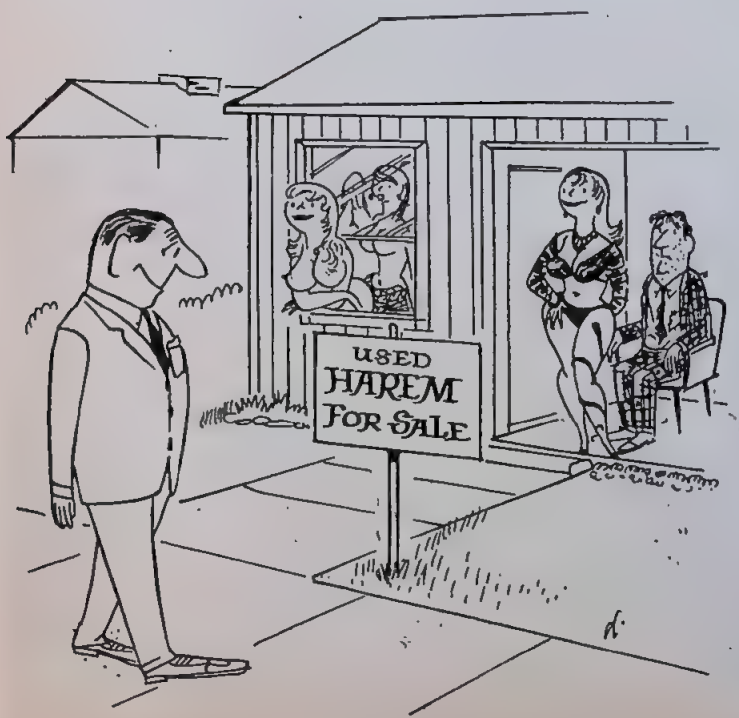
Which brings us to problem number two in this polygamy analysis — not only aren't there enough women to go around on a harem basis, but there are very few girls and women attractive enough to slip easily into the harem-minded male's life-dream. American women may rate as the world's most attractive, but a cross-section of any of them reveals an appalling majority of short-legged, long-waisted, flat-breasted human dogs. If our girls, by and large, were attractive, men would not find their tongues hanging out at the mere sight of Marilyn or Jayne on a large movie screen.

Problem number three is economic — and this, in some ways, in the saddest of all. A mere half-century ago, a

financier like J. P. Morgan could keep a stable of charming mistresses and could afford to settle as much as a million dollars on each of them when they married other men or when he chose to discard them. He could even maintain Scottish shooting preserves, Park Avenue palaces and steam yachts at the same time.

Nowadays . . . ouch! It is not permitted to list mistresses as dependents on annual income-tax returns, and the mere cost of keeping a half-attractive mistress gives movie moguls the shudders. A man who likes women in copious numbers is forced either to purchase their favors on short-term leases (call-girls) or to beg for their soft yesses (degrading). Most millionaires can't even afford cabin cruisers unless they have some sort of corporate write-off for them. Grouse are flourishing as never before in Scotland, and Park Avenue mansions are being torn down almost daily to make room for modern apartment houses.

No, when Feudalism vanished, the harem went with it. Man may reach Mars within the lifetime of men living today, but he will never be able to hang his hat in his own harem. Which is a hell of a note!





ADAM'S own college colossus turns councilman and his wildest dreams are voted into reality

Peter's Poll Tax

by HERNDON SMITH

THE TENURE OF gigantic Alden University Undergraduate Peter van Haick as Selectman for Alden Township was as brief as it was unexpected. Yet even though the tornado of dust it kicked up has long since settled, even though the normally sleepy old university community has since returned to its charmingly somnolent norm, it seems unlikely that the memory of his short but cyclonic term of office will be soon forgotten. Certainly, no other town or city in the nation ever knew anything quite like it. Even now, wealthy Aldenite E. Percy Wendell is said to moan and stir in his sleep at least once a week and utter such disconnected incompre-

hensibilities as, "Champagne!", or, "Short shorts!", or "Bells!" As for Joe Marty, he still supervises the mixing of fantastic, gooey messes at the University Malt Shop, while lovely, red-headed Carol LeVan has a way of lapsing into daydreams at odd moments, with her rosebud lips curved gently in a dreamy though naughty smile.

It began, innocuously enough, in the autumn of Peter's senior year at Alden, when the town's three selectmen, the abovementioned E. Percy Wendell, Real Estateman Timothy Herring and History Professor-Emeritus Arnold Meredith, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., L.L.D., passed a motion to assess all

Alden students over twenty-one years of age a poll tax at the rate of \$3.00 per head.

It was Wendell's idea. He argued that, since students spent the better part of each year they attended the university in the town of Alden, they should be taxed like all other resident adults. Herring went along with his colleague, since he, too, felt that the addition of some \$6,000 to the town treasury was a nice thing in any event. With Professor Meredith at home, ill, the measure was passed unanimously, by two votes to none.

Since it was an election year, and few of the vote-age students could return home to cast their ballots, most

— turn the page

With the silver bell
tinkling around his neck,
Constable Kennedy was a
mournful, meek and
broken man.



TAX, from page 19

of them anted up and paid their visits to the booths. But they didn't like it. The University paper, *The Daily Aldenian*, embarked on an editorial campaign of defiance, the verdict of which seemed to be that the poll tax was, if anything, one of the foulest examples of taxation without representation since the Tea Tax of 1773.

"What are they doing with our dough?" became the cry of the campus, as the election and football seasons ended in November, in the flurry of mid-term exams, and Christmas vacation rolled around. The issue might have died during this holiday hiatus, had it not been for the announcement of another move by the Selectman early in January, as the university rolled into its winter term.

Peter van Haick, with a headful of delightfully elusive memories acquired over the Xmas and New Year's interval, was lolling upon the extra-reinforced couch in his room at the fraternity house, late one afternoon in January, when lanky, bespectacled Paddy Gregory came in, with eyes aflame behind their horn-rimmed windows and Adam's apple at half mast. Paddy had decided to major in journalism in this, his junior year, and was exceedingly active extra-curricularly on the staff of the *Aldenian*, where he had sparked and co-written the anti-poll tax editorials.

"You hear what those thieves are going to do now, Peter?" he asked in tones of sepulchral excitement.

"Which particular thieves you talking about, daddio?" Peter resented being thus roused from total recall of an exceedingly active and amorous night following a country club dance during

his visit to fraternity-mate Doak Stebins and Doak's sister, Val.

"It's not funny," cried the new crusading knight of journalism. "It's these damn selectman in this corrupt community. They're going to tear down the center of town and put up a modern civic and shopping center."

"Good idea," said Peter, hoisting his mammoth torso to a half-sitting position. "But if they'll wait a little longer, those old wrecks will tumble down of themselves."

"You don't understand, Peter!" cried an aroused Paddy. "Percy Wendell, the head selectman, owns the property, and Timothy Herring handles it and has a piece of the construction company."

"Sounds like a good setup for them," said Peter, unconcerned.

"But the preliminary survey estimate they have published is going to cost exactly five thousand eight hundred and eighty bucks—and that's the exact amount they got out of the undergraduates on that poll-tax swindle!"

"So it goes for town improvement," said Peter, sitting up all the way. "So what?"

"So how do we know it's going to be an improvement?" countered Paddy. "Chances are, they'll make Alden look like every other newly built town in America. A lot of those old stores may be decrepit, but they're historic. Take Johnson's Sports Mart—it was built before the War of Eighteen-twelve."

"They should have sunk it with some of those British frigates," said Pete uncooperatively.

"And Gilhooly's Book Shop and the Bon Ton," went on the indignant

Paddy, undeterred. "They're real old architectural gems."

"So old they're decaying where they stand," Peter put in uncharitably.

"And Joe Marty's Malt Shop—the Gregory continued.

"The Malt Shop—Joe's?" interrupted Peter, looking slightly stunned. "They're going to tear down the Malt Shop?"

"The whole two blocks are going," Paddy assured him.

"They can't do this to us!" roared a newly aroused van Haick, lifting his 280-plus pound body to its full six-and-a-half feet of height. This, to Peter, was outrage unendurable. Since his appetite matched his immense size, and since the gargantuan meals he stoked it with, three or more times a day, were hardly sufficient to keep it fueled for an hour afterward, the young giant relied unceasingly upon snacks. When not indulging in alcoholic beverages, Joe Marty's Malt Shop, with its immense brandy inhalers full of assorted scoops of ice cream and sherbet, syrups and sauces, nuts and whipped cream, was his several-times-a-day subsistence staple. Without it, he faced a prospect more dismal than that of an Asiatic famine victim facing the proverbial seven lean years.

"How you going to throw out Wendell and Herring when they control the town?" Paddy asked his huge friend.

Peter frowned and scratched his cinnamon-hued hair. "There's gotta be a way," he muttered. Then, his expression brightening, "What about the third selectman? I never heard of there being only two."

"That's Old Prof Meredith," said Paddy unenthusiastically. "He's okay, but he's been sick for months—some sort of a bone infection in his hip."

"When do they select new selectmen?" asked Peter.

"The Town Meeting's next week," said Paddy. "That's when they do their voting. That's why Wendell and Herring released news of their plan to tear down the center of town and put up a modern shopping center. They want to have the citizenry all primed."

Peter extended an arm like a redwood trunk and picked up a lurid tweed sportsjacket from the back of a chair.

Paddy eyed him curiously, said, "Where do you think you're going, Peter?"

"I'm going to see a retired professor about getting to that town meeting, if we have to carry him there in sections and reassemble him in the Town Hall."

Peter drove slowly along the town's main street, en route to Professor Meredith's house, causing Constable Kennedy, lounging against the paint-peeled facade of Horvath's Fish Mar-



ket and Package Store, to lift a bushy eyebrow in surprise. The sight of the familiar van Haick bright-red sports-car proceeding at a sedate and law-abiding 15 miles per hour was, to Constable Kennedy, equivalent to a Washington correspondent's catching Secretary Dulles standing still. He continued to eye the phenomenon suspiciously until the Jaguar disappeared around the turn of the road beyond the lip of the campus.

It was, for Peter, the first time he had ever considered the somewhat ramshackle old shops of Alden from any but a utilitarian viewpoint. Regarding them now, overlaid with the fore-shadow of their impending destruction, he found the weathered old frame and brick structures charming, even in the gaunt leaflessness of winter. Only sight of Constable Kennedy, who, Peter remembered with more than a slight trace of bitterness, had hung a twenty-five dollar speeding ticket on him only last month, spoiled the vista of quaint, sagging, old shops and offices, some with their original leaded glass panes wine-purpled by age.

Something, the large undergraduate decided, ought to be done about Constable Kennedy—in fact, about all Alden cops who enriched the local coffers through fines levied on students whose statute-infractions were committed merely in a spirit of youthful exuberance. His sense of personal freedom felt as violated as a Roman maiden after an incursion of Huns. He looked almost amorously at the battered facade of Joe Marty's Malt Shop, with its haphazard window stickers announcing *31 Flavors Sold Here, Try Joe's Newest Creation—the Double-pineapple Swizzle, and 4-Decker Cones to Take Out*. Out of well-remembered delights, he burped sonorously, softly, almost reverently as the center fell away behind his slow-turning tires.

II

PROFESSOR-EMERITUS Arnold Meredith's residence was a charming old converted eighteenth century house, set well back from the winding street on which it stood. Amid the trim, up-to-date split-level homes that surrounded it, it resembled a somewhat gone-to-seed elder shareholder attending a modern stockholder's meeting.

But the young woman who opened the front door looked neither limp nor gone-to-seed. Quite the opposite—she was trim and pertly voluptuous as the most dazzling new Italian starlet, yet with an overall American glow of healthy sensuality whose delightful opulence of hip and bosom were matched by a willowy sinuosity of waist and limb.

Soft vermilion lips, parted in wel-

come, fell wide apart. Deep blue eyes on either side of an enchantingly up-tilted nose did likewise. An expression of amiable inquiry hardened into one outraged incredulity, as a usually gentle, faintly husky contralto rasped, "Oh, no! Not you!"

"The surprise," said van Haick, rallying from dismay both deep and sudden, "is entirely mutual."

"I'll just bet it is!" snapped the girl. She continued to stare up, in spell-bound horror, at the gigantic visitor. "I was hoping I'd never see you again as long as I lived."

She made a quick move to shut the door in his face, but van Haick intercepted the motion by inserting one of his size-16 brogans between door and sill.

"I came here to consult Professor Meredith on business," said Peter loftily. "I didn't know you lived here. Hell, I didn't even know you were still in town."

"I'll just bet you didn't!" snapped the furious girl.

"You sound like a broken record," said Peter in amiable insult, peering down at her. "You keep saying the same thing."

"That," countered the girl, "is because, if I said what I'd like to, my stepfather, Professor Meredith, might suffer from shock."

"Aw, come off it, Carol," said Peter with what he hoped was an ingratiating grin. "We had a ball and nobody got hurt. Why make a Federal case out of it?"

"Oooooooh!" exploded the girl, at a loss for words. "Just what did you think I was anyway, one of your two-dollar whores?"

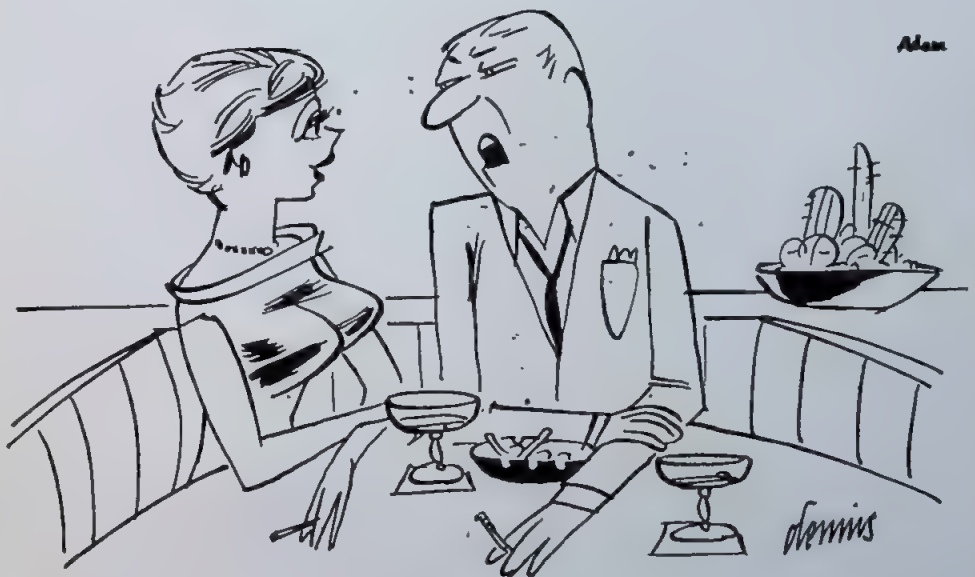
Peter wrinkled his brow in distress, made a tsk-tsk-ing sound with tongue and teeth as he slowly shook his huge head. "In the first place," he told her, "the whores I go with cost a lot more than two dollars. As for what I thought you were—I fondly believed you to be a woman. Evidently, I was mistaken."

The girl's face became a brilliant and fascinating shade of red. Then, with equal rapidity, all color fled it. Alarmed, Peter stepped inside, barely in time to catch and cradle her delightful curves as she keeled over in a faint of sheer fury. He kicked the front door shut behind him with a heel and carried her into a living room furnished with antique black walnut and mahogany, where he laid her down gently on a horsehair couch. He stepped back, wearing an expression of mild concern, to regard her recumbent charms.

His meeting with Carol LeVan, during the riotous Commencement proceedings of the previous June, was not, all things considered, an episode Peter looked back on with pride—although it had had its definite satisfactions. Mostly, though, it had been a complex of misunderstandings, and he felt mildly aggrieved and put upon. In all the confusion, he could hardly be blamed for mistaking Carol for one of the girls a certain fraternity-mate alumnus had imported from the city to liven up the ceremonies. Certainly, Carol had been willing enough, so why should he, Peter, bear all the blame?

He was waiting for Carol to come out of her faint when some sound from behind him caused him to turn about. Professor Meredith, ivory-white of face

—turn to page 58



"Why the hell couldn't you have been born a nymphomaniac?"



**ADAM Goes On Location
With The Cast And Crew Of...**

THE IMMORAL MR. TEAS

W. Ellis Teas, star and title character of the movie, comes up smiling between takes, after hilarious scene in which he throws fishing gear and himself into lake to escape semi-nude blonde.



THERE'S A NEW type of movie coming out of Hollywood today that used to be the exclusive product of the foreign film-makers — films that contain genuinely sexy sequences with generous expanses of attractive flesh.

Panic-stricken Hollywood moguls finally realized they were losing shekels not only to the little idiot-box in the living room, but also to excellent and provocative and sexy little imports from abroad that were packing movie-goers, both sophisticated and unsophisticated, into cozy little theaters called "art houses", in cities all over the country.

However, here was a situation in which it soon became apparent that the BIG movie companies could not go as far overboard on sex as the small independents could. The big boys usually want and need the Hollywood Production Code seal of approval before they can release, and an inch or two too much of provocative bosom or thigh can hold up such approval while millions of dollars worth of film and talent lies a-mouldering in the can. Boycotts by various so-called "decency leagues", protectors of public and private morals, and other brain-laundering groups, can also hurt badly, despite the popular belief that once a film is "banned in Boston" it will make millions in Peoria.

Photos by Ken Parker



Michele Roberts, Ann Peters and Marilyn Westley in action for one of many provocative scenes while cameramen grind away.



Ann Peters and Michele Roberts seen together below left, and later in episodes in which they appear separately in the movie.





Above — scene is filmed in which Teas comes upon nudists frolicking in woodland pool. Below — time out for lunch and smoke.



The beautiful blonde below is Dawn Danielle, who keeps turning up in Teas' life. Marilyn Westley is the pretty, darkhaired charmer.

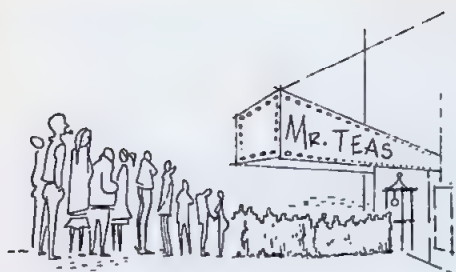


For the small independent producer, though, with enough guts and know-how to give the movie-going public what it wants, and with no great concern over tying up millions of dollars and many months of work while he seeks Code approval or fights boycotts, the field is wide open to compete with the foreign-label movies using weapons the European and Asian producers themselves have selected — earthy drama and lots of bare, natural sex; ribald humor and lots of bare, natural sex.

The big producers — for instance, those who made "The Naked And The Dead" — promise much in their blurbs and advertising, but, regrettably, can deliver little to the audience. In "The Naked And The Dead", though the gorgeous and provocative Lili St. Cyr received top billing and much advertising and publicity, her scenes were horribly cut. The sex angle was harped on, however, in a rather unique way. Lili's figure was painted on a poncho by her soldier-lover, who embraced it and rolled in the hay with it at every opportunity. The audience, however, would have preferred to see more of Lili, herself. Actually, considerable footage was shot on her, but not used for domestic consumption. It seems that it is perfectly all right to send abroad the very type of film footage which the business-wise foreigners are sending here — but it is tabu to show this footage to American audiences.

One producer with the guts and know-how to produce a film with ribald humor and lots of bare, natural sex, and who will distribute it nationally, is Pete de Cenzie of PAD Productions. Pete, who was profiled in ADAM, Vol 2, No. 1, came up the hard way through years of burlesque, night clubs, minor movie endeavors, and Main Street entertainment. He knows what the movie-going public wants, and his latest production, "The Immoral Mr. Teas", a beautifully photographed film in natural color, gives it to them in

In a delightful dream sequence, Teas returns to dental office where he made delivery, for rather unique treatment.



large, belly-laugh-making, corpuscle-stimulating doses. ADAM went along on some of the location and studio shooting, for a first-hand view of the making of this unique and unusual picture.

"The Immoral Mr. Teas" is basically a satirical comedy in the tradition of the great Chaplin movies or the hilarious French comedy, "Mr. Hulot's Holiday". The title character is a simple soul of simple tastes and pleasures, to whom every task and errand in his work-a-day toil assumes the overtones of some marvelously ribald adventure or misadventure.

Mr. Teas plies his way blissfully and bumblingly through life, the personification of the little man adrift in a world of big people and big doings, with both of which he yearns to be a part but with both of which he is pathetically and comically out of tune.

Women fill his life. He is surrounded by them, smothered by them, comes in contact with them constantly—for Teas sees all the women around him, savors them, appreciates them. They are all his, yet none of them are his. Though he wishes it were otherwise, his adulation is distant, shy and unrequited. His fantasies and dreams, however, are better. Women appear to him as he truly sees them, as he truly desires them—lovely, enticing, seductive, receptive, and quite nude—yet the comedy here is that in these dreams and fantasies, Teas, himself, is so blase, busy and otherwise preoccupied that it is he who becomes aloof.

Teas' very job is a travesty of the pompous. He leaves for work in the morning dressed in executive suit, straw boater, bumbershoot, and carrying an important-looking briefcase. Surely he is a successful businessman, or banker, or attorney, or at least *somebody* of importance. And so he is, of course—to Teas. Only when he reports to his place of employment and leaves for his daily rounds does it become apparent to the audience that this distinguished, beard-





Getting to location site is hard work, above. Below, Teas and Doris Sanders (recognized her, we did) prepare for dream scene.



Below — prop men assist Marilyn Westley prepare for nudist scene; Doris Sanders inspects camera, mimics in Teas' hat and umbrella.



Camermen shoot scene in which Teas views sunbathing girls from woods.

ed gentleman — now costumed in a ridiculous, red, Churchillian cover-all, yet still wearing the dignity of the straw boater — is in reality nothing more nor less than a delivery boy on a bicycle.

W. Ellis Teas, who plays the starring role and whose name was considered so ideal for the title that the producer asked and was granted permission to use it, has never acted in a film before, nor, for that matter, did he ever intend to until Producer de Cenzie discovered him and convinced him he was ideal for the part. By profession, he is a photographer.

Many of the girls and bit parts in the film were played by semi-professionals and non-professionals. Some of the girls' faces and figures have graced the pages of ADAM in past months. Among them —

Marilyn Westley, whom ADAM pictureviewed in Vol. 2, No. 11, while she was on a visit to Hollywood from her native Alaska, who found her show-business and modeling career booming so fast that she decided not to go back to the 49th state after all.

Blonde Ann Peters, who has worked as a model, more recently as a showgirl in Las Vegas, and now a feature act touring nightclubs and stages throughout the country. She has been in ADAM a number of times.

Lithe and luscious Dawn Danielle, who was ADAM's girl in "How To Keep A Woman" — Vol. 2, No. 6, and has worked very successfully as a model since then. She plays her first film role as one of the temptresses who tantalizes Teas.

Doris Sanders, who dressed up ADAM's interior as the playful baby-doll girl in Vol. 2, No. 12, and hasn't stopped working since. This, too, is her first film.

With girls like these wandering through his life, one can easily understand the happy confusion of "The Immoral Mr. Teas".

Look for this exciting, hilarious new production of Pete de Cenzie's in your town in the coming months. You'll hate yourself if you miss it!





No one else could make love like her,
nor could anyone else pilot the first manned satellite

GIRL FROM...?



LARRY FORBES had wandered into the film palace that drizzling, miserable March afternoon merely to get his mind off the seemingly insurmountable frustrations of the vital, top-top-top secret project on which he had been working himself almost bald for the past two years. With success mere minutes and millimeters away, the launching of Earth's first manned artificial satellite had suddenly bogged down in the face of an utterly unforeseen obstacle. After six days of fruitless final tests and conferences, a weary and discouraged Larry Forbes had slipped away from a stalemated session in the hope of retaining some shred of sanity.

He settled himself in a seat just too narrow for his broad-boned frame, getting his damp raincoat folded across his lap and endeavoring vainly to fit his long legs into the circumscribed

space allotted to them. It was while he was engaged in this struggle, even before his eyesight had fully adjusted itself to the darkness of the house, that his right foot met the obstruction.

Believing it to be an empty popcorn container, or perhaps a candy wrapper, discarded by a previous ticket-buyer, Larry pressed down on it and gave it a quick lateral nudge to push it under the seat alongside.

"*Crxstfillpxt!*" said the occupant of the seat in a definitely feminine voice, rising perhaps four inches and returning to the imitation leather with a row-shaking thump. The object beneath, with which his foot had made contact, was removed with an almost convulsive suddenness.

"Huh?" said Larry, his already fatigued wits operating at oxcart speed.

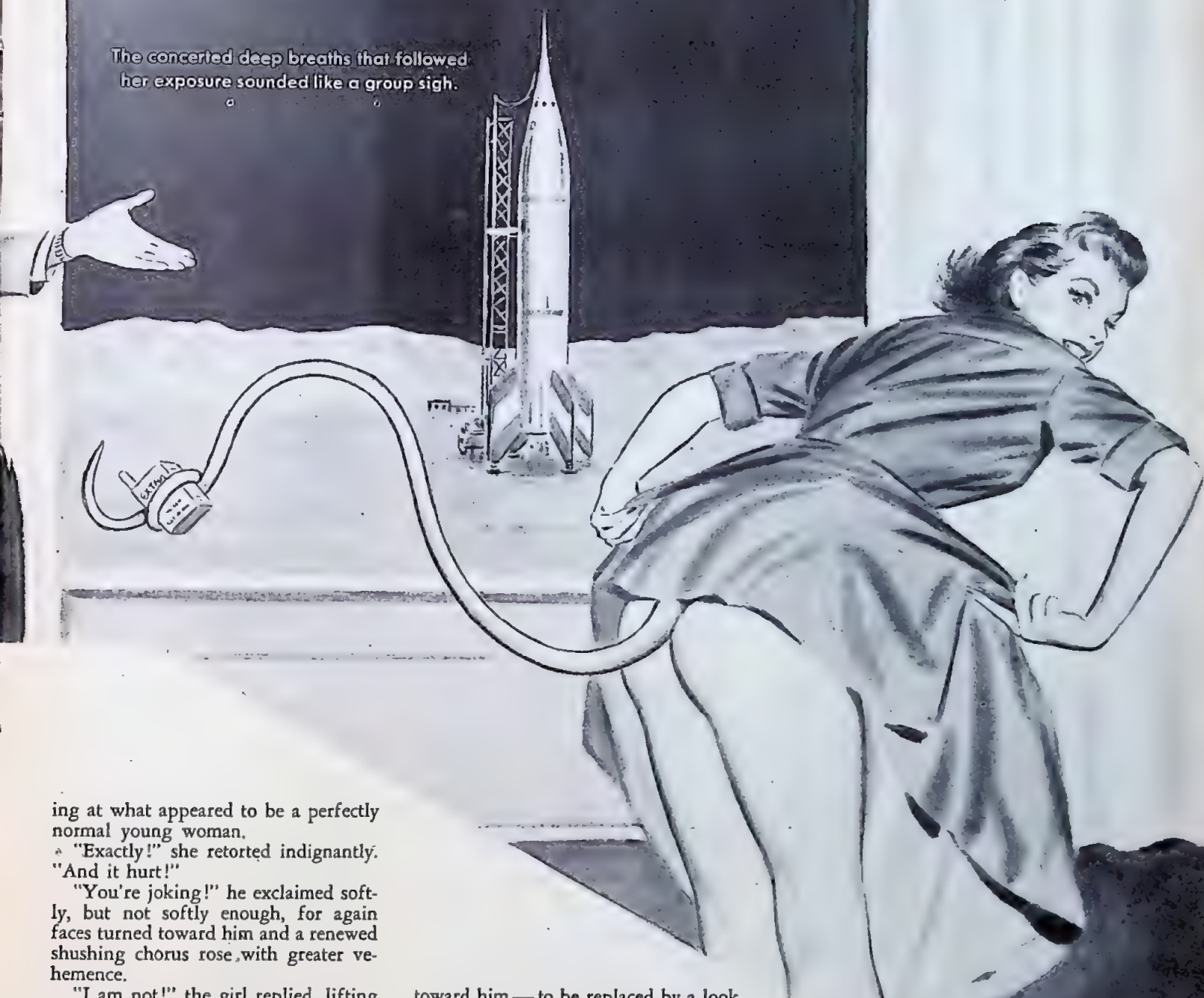
"You stepped on my tail!" accused the dimly seen woman on his right.

"Sorry," said Larry politely, as three persons in the row ahead turned featureless faces toward them and made loud shushing sounds.

Larry prepared once more to watch the drama unfolding on the extra-wide screen and then jumped convulsively himself as the import of his neighbor's accusations sank home. "Did you say I stepped on your *tail*?" he asked, peer-

by GLENN LLEWELLYN

The concerted deep breaths that followed her exposure sounded like a group sigh.



ing at what appeared to be a perfectly normal young woman.

"Exactly!" she retorted indignantly. "And it hurt!"

"You're joking!" he exclaimed softly, but not softly enough, for again faces turned toward him and a renewed shushing chorus rose with greater vehemence.

"I am not!" the girl replied, lifting for his inspection what appeared to be a length of flexible tubing.

"Impossible!" said Larry, just as an usher tapped him on the shoulder.

"I'm sorry, whispered the flashlighted attendant. "You'll either have to keep quiet or leave the theater."

The girl had already risen, and a suddenly curious Larry Forbes gathered his raincoat and rose with her. She swept past him and marched up the aisle, forcing him to extend his stride to keep up with her.

He caught her elbow in the outer lobby and said, "Please, Miss—I'm dreadfully sorry. Won't you let me make it up to you somehow?"

Anger and indignation had fled from the exotic flower of a face she turned

toward him—to be replaced by a look of resignation that matched his own mood. She said quietly, in a voice whose accent he could not place, "It's really my own fault. I should never have released it in a public place. But it does get so cramped, coiled up all the time."

"I still don't believe it," he told her.

Again, indignation flashed in slanting, pale-brown eyes flecked with gold. She was standing at one side of the lobby, her back to the wall, with Larry's tall, ranginess shielding her from casual viewers. Suddenly, full pink-camelia lips twitched with humor, and there was a stirring beneath her garments as a six-inch tail-tip wriggled its way from beneath the skirt of her chalk-white trench-coat. It wagged, thumping gent-

ly against the parquet floor, and was neatly encased in material that matched the girl's dress.

"I still don't believe it!" he said, his horde of cares, troubles and frustrations forgotten in view of this new wonder. "Could I—may I—buy you a drink somewhere, Miss?"

He gave her his name and told her
—turn the page

GIRL, from page 29

he was a Government scientist, repeated the invitation for a drink. She listened, regarding him speculatively with her gold-flecked, light-brown eyes. Then she smiled slowly, delightfully, and said, "You look very nice," in her unplaceable accents. "I'd like to very much. My name is Nina—Nina Tarrant."

They sat in one of those leather-upholstered semicircular banquettes with which Los Angeles bar-restaurants abound, and she leaned a little toward him and said, while the waiter was getting their drinks, "Tell me something about yourself, about your work, Larry Forbes."

He made a dismissive gesture. "It's Sputnik stuff—very dull just now. What I want to hear about is you—who you are, how you got the way you are?"

She shrugged—as he grew accustomed to the exotic trim of her features, he was discovering Nina to be an extraordinarily beautiful girl, ivory-skinned, golden-eyed, built like a Balinese temple dancer, sensitive, sensuous as a sleek, large cat, altogether engaging. She said softly, "Who am I? I'm just a woman, of course. I come from a long way off. How did I get this way? I suppose you mean my tail, Larry Forbes. I grew it, that's all."

The waiter put their drinks in front of them and turned back toward the bar.

Nina smiled, and Larry felt soft, warm little fingers creep into his own on the leather seat. "It's such fun to have someone to share it with," she said softly. "Otherwise, it's awfully lonesome. I have to be so very, very careful."

"It's fantastic!" breathed Larry. "Biologically, it's impossible."

"There is no such word," she said stoutly, her gold-flecked eyes regarding him over the rim of her raised glass, "and I am the living proof of it."

"What about school?" he inquired. "Didn't you have trouble there?"

She shook her head, causing golden highlights to shimmer in her heavy, dark-brown shoulder-length hair. "I had private tutors," she informed him.

"What on earth are you doing in Los Angeles?" he asked her. "Surely, the movies..."

She shuddered. "Not the movies," she said firmly. "Never the movies! They would make a sideshow freak of me. Actually, I am merely waiting to be taken home." She suppressed a sigh, and her eyes were sad. Then, brightening and again lifting her glass, "I'm glad you stepped on my tail, Larry Forbes. It has been very, very lonely in this city. You are the first young man I have been out with."

"You shouldn't have trouble in *that* department," he told her, and went on to detail some of her move obvious charms.

She interrupted him. "You are kind, Larry Forbes—but the more attractive I may be, the greater my problem. If my—difference were to be publicized, it would hurt my people deeply. If you hadn't told me you were a scientist..." She let it hang.

"I see," he said, reaching for her hand and finding it a willing captive. "I'm afraid, while I've been looking at you as an extremely attractive girl, I've been considering your problem more in scientific terms."

"They go together," she said simply. "Oh, what lovely canapes!"

They had a drink, and then another, and then, somehow, they were sitting so close together that a thread could not have been passed between them. Looking deeply into the gold-flecked eyes so near to his own, Larry said softly, "Darling, I can't bear the thought of letting you go. Have dinner with me."

"I can do better than that," she said, her eyes dancing. "Have dinner with me—at my apartment."

"Sold!" he said, and, for the first time, their lips met and clung together, and he felt the soft thrust of jutting, high young breasts against the cage of his own ribs...

When they reached Nina's two-room, moderne-furnished snugery in a terraced, white-washed Beverly Hills apartment hotel, and she removed the trench-coat, Larry got his first real look at her costume. It was a two-piece, golden-brown knit-dress that emphasized the golden flecks in her eyes and the warm ivory tone of her skin. Against it, her covered tail, which she kept coiled about her waist, looked like a matching belt.

She uncoiled it, flexed it gracefully with a sigh of relief, then dexterously used it to flick open a cigarette box on the coffee table in front of the beige sofa. Laughing a little, Larry drew her into his arms and kissed her. She responded, and her body, even through two layers of clothing, felt live and delightful against him, as did the magic, moist softness of her lips. Then, gently but firmly, she disengaged his embrace and murmured, "In just a moment, darling—after I've changed. You'll find whiskey on top of the bookcase."

Reluctantly, he let her go, and poured himself a drink.

When Nina came back from the bedroom, his eyes widened, and he gasped involuntarily at the exotic perfection she was parading in front of him. She wore only the wispiest of brown-velvet playsuits, embroidered in gold, and simple

gold sandals. The lithe creaminess of her torso was exposed, as were her shoulders and upper bosom, her slender, well-rounded arms and beautifully long, straight legs.

A smile in the gold-flecked eyes answering the open admiration in his, she lifted a hand to take the upheld glass from his fingers and make a loving cup out of it by raising it to her own camellia lips. Then she set it gently on the table and moved forward into his arms.

"It's been so very, very, *very* lonely," she whispered softly as her pink mouth again sought and found his, as her tongue darted delightfully from between her lips to meet his, as her hands clasped the back of his neck and head and seemed to try to draw him through her soft, pliant, surprisingly strong young body.

Her grip on him tightened spasmodically, and a soft little moan escaped the lips that had become part of his own. Inexorably, he found that Nina, her tail tight around his waist, was drawing him toward the bedroom.

In the bedroom, her suddenly busy hands were removing his clothing, then her own scant garments, even while her lips continued to rain kisses upon his. Her eyes were all gold now, and aglow with passion, as she tripped him neatly to send him sprawling backward on the soft coverlet. She leapt upon him like a jaguar, murmuring love-noises as her pink-jade-tipped breasts again fused against him. Lips moist and parted, golden eyes glittering with unslaked passion, she had her way with him...

When he awoke, it was early dawn, and he was lying beside Nina, ravenously hungry, for they had completely forgotten dinner in the wild fulfillment of the night just past. Gently, he lifted her arm from his chest and only when he had sat up and was looking down at Nina's soft, gold-pink-and-ivory perfection did clear memory of the erotic, not to say biological, miracle of Nina return to him. He bent to kiss the perfect, camellia lips. The gold-flecked eyes opened, and she smiled at him sensually.

"I'm hungry," he said.

"So am I, darling," she replied, drawing him closer still to her perfections. "So very, very, *very* hungry!"

It was another hour before they got to the modern apartment's trim kitchenette. There, naked as Adam, with Nina as nude as Eve, he looked on in amazement as she rustled up their long-deferred meal. The up-to-date kitchen might not have been conceived with a five-appendaged human in mind, but the girl with a tail as well as hands and feet manipulated its various devices with a multiple-efficiency that had Larry goggling incredulously.

Even as she grilled the steak, she was able to flip bread into the toaster and set up the dishes, silverware, cups and saucers. And when they sat down at table to eat the smoking food and coffee, there was no rising, on her part, to make return trips to the kitchenette — everything necessary had been done with an ease that defied description.

"How did you ever master it so beautifully?" he asked, awestruck.

She laughed soundlessly, and her eyes sparkled with golden affection. "Oh," she replied, "if you have a tail, there's no sense in not using it, is there, darling?"

"I guess not," he told her, "though, frankly, I never considered the problem.

Mopping her lips with a napkin, she said, "And you a scientist! You don't have much imagination, do you, Larry dear?"

"Too much, usually," he said ruefully. "But I never thought of this one."

When they had finished, she cleaned up with incredible speed and rejoined him in the living room for a cigaret. He took the perfections of that exotic body into his hands and pulled her lips against his. She moaned again, happily, and he wondered briefly, which of them was the more insatiable. He didn't get to his 10 o'clock conference until ten minutes of 11.

You look fit and rested, Forbes," the chairman told him. "Oversleep?"

"Something like that," mumbled a drained and physically beaten Larry.

"Can't really blame you," the chairman told him. "Not after the hours you've been putting in." Then, after a throat-clearing pause, "Well, Forbes, we seem no nearer a solution today. Has your oversleeping caused you to wake up with any fresh ideas?"

Larry frowned. The problem remained the same as that of the day before, and of the days and weeks before that. The complex of scientists and manufacturers he served as project coordinator had solved, at least on paper, in the laboratory and in actual tests, every factor toward putting a manned artificial satellite into space except for one — the man.

They had plenty of tough young Air Force volunteers for the job, men who had triumphantly flown Mach-9 rocket planes and survived week-long tests under simulated space conditions. But they had yet to find a pilot who could handle the manual part of the piloting under the emergency conditions that were, inevitably, bound to arise.

There would be simply too much to do in a moment of crisis, too many buttons to push and knobs to turn and ratchets to tighten or relive simultaneously. At one time, they had even

— turn to page 42

He crashed into the darkened room and caught his wife in the act

Hi, Neighbor!

by JAY EDMOND



BECAUSE HE HAD seen from the car that there was a light on in the house, Eric Branton walked silently along the flagstone path to the window. He peeked through carefully into the living room and the scene told him everything he wanted to know. A cocktail shaker and two emptied martini glasses stood on the boomerang-shaped coffee table. He could hear the hi-fi set exuding soft violins. A pair of man's shoes had been kicked off carelessly on the rug. And a woman's spike-heeled shoes. Eric recognized them as his wife's.

By God, he had finally caught her at her whoring!

He slipped cautiously around the side of the house toward the bedroom window. Out beyond the cliffs, the ocean boomed against the beach. Behind him, up past the road where his parked car waited, Pacific Coast Boulevard hummed with the early evening traffic. The lights of Laguna Beach glowed in the sky over the eucalyptus trees. When he and Edith had borrowed this place from friends for the weekend, it was to have been a sort of second honeymoon. And now...

He reached out and felt the window. Just a wire screen. He took several steps backward and ran at it, hurtling over the sill. The screen gave and he crashed into the darkened room. There was a scream from Edith and the man shouted, "What the hell?"

Branton was on his feet, fumbling for the light switch. He found it and snapped the room into brightness. In the sudden glare, his wife was sitting forward in the bed, naked. Her mouth was open with terror. She was grabbing for the edge of the sheet to cover herself from him. That was something! Covering herself from the eyes of her own husband.

Branton looked at the man who was ridiculously half out of the bed with one foot on the floor and his bare fanny in the air.

It was Milt Keil, who lived next door to the Brantons in Los Angeles. The whole scene seemed to freeze like some foolish tableau.

Branton said quietly, "You no good son of a bitch."

"Eric!" Edith was claspng the sheet to her throat with both her hands.

"I don't like whores calling me by my first name."

She was letting anger take the place of fear. "Why you bastard! This is why you told me that story about having a sudden call to go to Frisco on business? So you could follow me around?"

Branton looked at Milt Keil, who was playing a little tug of war with Edith, trying to get the sheet to cover himself. Branton demanded, "What did lover tell his wife *he* was going to be doing this weekend?"

Milt Keil stammered for a moment, then said idiotically, "I didn't have to tell her anything. She's gone out of town on a sorority reunion."

Branton said, "I'm going to leave you for dead, Milt."

The other man pleaded, "Now Eric... let's talk it out... let's..."

Edith shrieked at Branton, "Eric, don't be a fool!"

Branton hit Keil's face so hard there was a spurt of blood from around the nose and the head snapped back. There was the soft sound of cartilage crumbling. Keil screamed like a woman. When Keil went down, crawling naked around the floor, blinded, unable to find his way to safety, Branton kicked him until he heard some of his ribs crack. When Keil flopped over on his back and lay there, staring up at the ceiling without seeing, Branton quit kicking him.

Edith screamed at him. Branton walked over to her and looked at her while he tore the sheet from her hands and wiped the blood off his knuckles. "Don't bother to go home," he told her. "You don't live there any more."

He walked out through the living room, left the door wide open and marched up the dirt road to his car.

The woman in the front seat looked at him strangely as he switched on the ignition and backed swiftly up the road to the highway. "Baby," she said, "I thought we were going to stay here for the weekend."

"The hell with it," he told her. "We'll go someplace else. I just beat the hell out of your husband in there."





CRAB,
from page 6

and held it up to him. "I give this to you. I would give you anything."

Carefully, he took the beautiful rope and carried it across the deck into the cabin. He put it into the steel box where he kept his gasoline money.

"Arangio," she called from the deck. "I do not come to you because it is difficult for me, out of the water. Please come to me."

He went, eyes bright and teeth gleaming whitely. Strong fish woman, beautiful and eager—and knowing where boxes of Spanish gold and diamonds lay scattered on the floor of the sea.

This time, the sun was not so bright, although the sweet salt of her mouth searched at his in hunger, in time with her avid hips. This time, Cosimo's mind was on the gold.

After, she frowned. "Do I displease you, Arangio? Is it that you are tired, waiting for me? Please, I could not come to you earlier. My people were watching."

"No," he said, "no, you are wonderful."

She touched a finger to his lips. "Then it is true. Land people think only of gold. Such is why we are seldom seen; we fear you. You bring us troubles."

Clumsily, Cosimo kissed at her hand. Time was to think. With a great fortune so close, he must think.

"Gold," he said, "brings happiness. Could you give me more, each time? None will know."

She sighed, a sound such as soft waves make upon a quiet beach. "It is forbidden. I did not think, when I wore the necklace. I only wanted to be beautiful for you."

Clumsily, he brushed his hand across her hair. Think, and do not rush.

"All right. If you are forbidden—but I still have you, which is better than gold."

Her smile was dawn on a whitecap, joyous in a rush. "My Arangio."

In the days that followed, she helped him. She told him where the fish were hiding, so that his hold was always full, even when the other boats came back riding high and empty.

But it was not enough. It was not difficult for Cosimo to be sad, and to show the sadness to her. She frowned over the knowing, and brought him lovely shells. He threw them away af-

ter she had gone.

The plan took time to form, grown slowly from things she said, from her talk about her people and their customs. There was a hint sometimes that not all of them were born in the sea. Some came from other places. When he was almost sure, he asked her. "Mermaid, is it possible for me to learn to live under water—to be one of your people?"

Something strange crossed her face then, leaving tracks of fear. "It is possible, my lover. But—but—"

To still her words, he held her tightly to him. "Listen—you know that I cannot take you to live with my people. Why not take me to live with yours? Why not, mermaid? Then we can be together always."

Her lips moved against his chest. "Arangio—I wish this. Oh, I wish this very much. But there is danger."

Over her head, he looked out and down upon the sea, seeing under it in his mind to where the treasures lay waiting. "What danger? You breathe water. I can do the same."

"But I fear for you. All of my people are not—not—how did you say—'more woman than fish?'"

"What matter? What have I to fear, with you by my side?"

"Nothing, from me," she whispered. "But the ancient secrets may be terrible to certain ones. I could help you, very much; and then, and then—"

"Together," he said into her hair, "always."

It was not easy, the learning. It was the certain kind of thinking; it was strangling and the fisherman's inherent fear of the sea, and the wetness catching in his throat. But stronger than fear and the tearing coughs was the dream of the great fortune on the ocean floor.

Once on the deck of his boat, not certain he was alive, he mumbled it, "Gold."

She bit at her lips. "Arangio, when you learn—which may be soon, now—you will also be bound by the laws of my—our people. You will not be able to take away the gold."

His chest worked, pumping water out onto the deck. "I—I dreamed."

She put her hand on his forehead. "I wish for this to be true. Because if it is not, during the Change—"

"I am not afraid," he said, "because you are with me. Come, I will try again."

And one day, it was easy. There was no choking, no struggle against the thick salt taste, and suddenly he was drifting calmly, twenty feet below the surface. It was strange no longer.

In new freedom he swam beside her, drifting down until something came up close to him and stared—something

with an almost-face and many arms.

He rocketed to the surface, and choked on the thin air until he remembered to adjust.

Her hand was on his shoulder, helping. "Do not fear, Arangio. It was but one of those who were troubled during the Change—not fish, not man. There are others who went even farther."

"Is that the danger?" he asked.

"Yes—but I will help you."

The rest of that day, they rested, and the plan became sharp and clear in Cosimo's mind. The next morning, she guided him down deep through the water until rocks the sun had never seen pointed up at them.

"There is the ship you wished to see," she said, in the bubbling wordlessness that was talk, away from the air. "There, held by the two black rocks. Look once, and pass by, and I will take you to meet our people."

Cosimo saw the ragged outline of the Spanish ship, shell-crusted and almost formless. He hung over it as she floated beside him. He turned his head and smiled at her. She held out her arms to him and came close to offer her mouth.

The hand of Cosimo Ferrante—salt-hardened and hairy—clamped pincer-like on her white throat and, like a giant crab, he broke her neck.

Limply, her body floated away in the currents of the half-world above him as Cosimo plunged to the bottom of the sea.

His feet touched sand, and he pushed along taller and taller ridges of it toward the ship—seeing long cars and fine houses—no, castles—and so many women he couldn't count them all—firm women, soft women, any woman he wanted.

The ship did not come closer very fast, although he hurried. He strained toward it, veering from side to side in the newness of the water walking. Maybe he should have waited until he had more practice, but he could not. The gold had filled his head, and the mermaid had seemed suspicious at times.

And at last, he was there, the hulk of the ancient wreck looming far above him. The goldpieces were, as she had said, carelessly seeded into the sand, beautiful.

The coins were big—bigger than he had thought any could be, green crusted from centuries under the sea, but rich, rich.

He took one and strained to lift it. It was so big it overbalanced him when he tried to drag it away, even though he pushed hard at the sand with all six of his legs, the great wagon-wheel of gold clamped tightly between the ridged shells of his powerful pincers.



DARKNESS,
from page 15

Again according to the cleric of Rome, a split developed slowly between the two halves of this magnificently fraudulent whole. Seraphina, at least moderately good looking and affecting the divine hauteur and poise of her role, proved more alluring to some of the clients than did her husband's doctrines of gobbledygook. Says the scribe, when the price was right and the "Count" could persuade her the sacrifice was worth while, he turned her over for more earthly rites than those practiced in the black draped initiation room.

Nor did this recurrence of his early career as a pimp mark Cagliostro's only form of backsliding from the rigorous ideal his wife had laid out for him. After all, he was the child of poor Sicilian parents, and Sicily, then as now, was an age-poor land where money is not only the root of all evil, but the aim of all human life. The more he made, the more he wanted—and the more he spent on lordly living, the more he had to make. If the suckers were willing to pay for Seraphina's charms, as they were for such idiocies as false, gold-making Philosopher's Stones and elixirs of life, he was only too willing to give them what they wanted.

Seraphina, however, saw things somewhat differently. After all, she came from Rome, where the world's great still stalked the streets and where social position meant power, perhaps even more than gold. She wanted the prestige of being lordly co-founder of a mysterious new religion, and did not want to risk having all destroyed through their ultimate betrayal as mere confidence tricksters. Her opinion as to the occasional sale of her body by her husband remains obscure. Probably, it bothered her little, since it was an accepted usage of the Age of Reason and Enlightenment.

Their quarrels grew so frequent however that Cagliostro, after realizing he had enough to live on for life in lordly comfort, decided to retire and settle in his native Palermo. However, his fellow townsmen had not forgotten him, nor had the years of his wanderings softened their emotions toward him. He had barely set foot on the auld sod when police clapped him into jail for the forged institutional will and his fleecing of the goldsmith, which had forced him to leave Sicily in

the first place.

Seraphina, convinced perhaps that he had learned his lesson, got him out—but only after a most trying period. To effect her husband's release, she had to con the chief sachem of the local chapter of the Egyptian Mystery cult Cagliostro and she had promoted throughout Europe, into whaling the tar out of the prosecuting attorney right in court, and persuading him and the magistrates alike to drop all charges.

Persuaded to stick to his promotion of the Egyptian Mystery cult which had, with Seraphina, got him out of jail, a somewhat chastened Cagliostro again set forth on his travels with Seraphina. They met with unbroken success until, in 1780, they visited St. Petersburg. There a dour Scottish court physician tested, or perhaps merely tasted, some sort of "divine" health food the charlatan was selling his noble suckers and pronounced it publicly as not only unlikely to increase the life-span of its users to a full two centuries as guaranteed, but "unfit for a dog."

Since he made this report to the Czar, there was trouble, which the Prussian Minister added to by bringing complaint against Cagliostro for his occasional unauthorized use of a Prussian colonel's uniform. The result was deportation for both of the swindlers, nor was this the end of it. Short of funds in Poland, Cagliostro overrode Seraphina and engaged in a phony gold-making bit that was denounced and caused another expulsion. However, they went over big in Germany and Austria, and were riding high when they hit Strasbourg in 1783.

There they met and completely conquered that rich, noble, powerful, amiable, appallingly stupid Cardinal de Rohan whose efforts to win the favor of his queen, Marie Antoinette, played a large part in the prelude to the revolution of 1789. According to the Abbe Georgel, who wrote de Rohan's memoirs, Cagliostro conquered this credulous prince by saying to him, during an interview, "Your soul is worthy of mine. You deserve to be made party to all my secrets." This captivated the whole faculties of a man who long sought the secrets of alchemy. Their interviews became long and frequent.

Cagliostro "made" more gold and seems to have duped and swindled de Rohan completely, but they met companion swindler, Jeanne de St. Remy de Valois, "Comtesse" de la Motte, an actually impoverished collateral descendant of the pre-Bourbon ruling house of France and a vengeful minded and impoverished noblewoman intent on getting what she felt was her due of the world's good things.

It was a hell of a coup they set up

—involving a diamond necklace so magnificent not even the king could buy it from its Paris jeweler creators, one only de Rohan could afford in France. What a magnificent gesture if the prince were to regain her favor by presenting it to his sovereign.

The incredible sucker not only fell for the pitch but allowed Jeanne de la Motte to be his go-between, as arranged between her and the Cagliostros, who helped soften de Rohan up for her. Needless to say, the necklace disappeared for keeps, and this unholy three divvied up the loot. Up to then, it looked like the perfect swindle.

Then this near-total imbecile de Rohan had to wreck the whole pitch by visiting the jewelers in Paris and suggesting they thank not him, but the queen, for the deal. This they did, and the fat was in the fire, since Marie Antoinette had neither received the necklace nor heard of de Rohan's gift of it to her. Of course, then there was hell to pay.

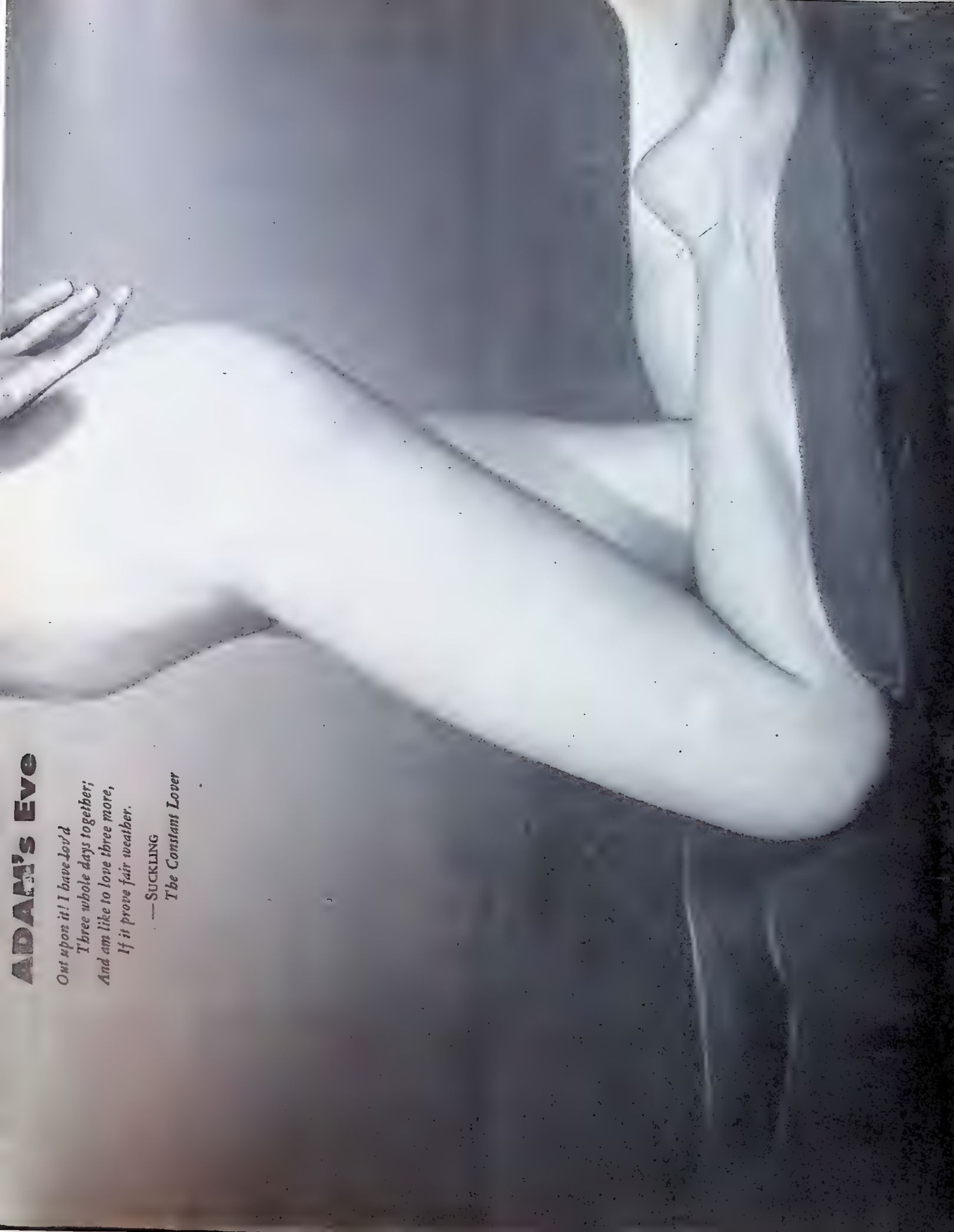
Jeanne de la Motte and Cagliostro were arrested. By putting him in jail, the French court made sure that their folly received full European publicity. Then, by acquitting him after sentencing Jeanne de la Motte to branding and imprisonment, they virtually destroyed the queen's reputation for keeps.

Of course, our charlatan was another casualty of the debacle. Too many important persons knew the truth of the necklace swindle, and his part in it, for his reputation to survive. He and Seraphina drifted from London to Rome, unable to accomplish any of their old magic, and there the inquisition finally decided to move. Wiser than the French, the Church made sure not to risk unfavorable publicity by arresting such a dazzling black butterfly while still in flight. They waited until his wings were soiled and torn, and popular interest in Cagliostro, at least in the high-level circles that counted, was dead or turned to disgust.

The finale was dreary farce, with the inseparables finally turning on one another, either in hatred or in hope of salvaging something of their own skins. Not knowing quite what to do with this scandalous pair who had hoodwinked so many for so much, the Inquisition decided to join the world in forgetting them. They were allowed to rot in Castle San Angelo, Hadrian's onetime tomb, until they died in the early 1790's, date uncertain.

But, while they lived and worked their magic together, Cagliostro and his Seraphina rode high and hard and fast. Somehow, in view of later, duller, meaner scoundrels who have died rich and in bed, it seems fate might have dealt them a better final hand. After all, they were never dull.





ADAM'S EVE

Out upon it! I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

—SUCKLING
The Constant Lover

Her mouth fell open and I plopped a forkful of creamed chicken in it just as a flash bulb went off.





Somebody Stole My Broad

by MARTIN COURTNEY

When a quiet guy gets into a couple of brawls,
his sex appeal may soar way out of proportion

I KNEW VERONICA was gone the moment I peered through the bathroom door and saw there were no nylons hung over the shower-curtain pole. I should have guessed it as soon as I entered the apartment, from the lack of unmentionables cast freely to the living-room winds, to say nothing of the absence of discarded shoes and slippers left under chairs, sofa or tables. Veronica might be a struggling young actress, but, to her, all the world was not so much a stage as a closet — at least that portion of it on which I paid the rent.

Veronica was gone — period, unquote!

I sat down on the totally unmade bed, where Veronica and I had shared so much loving, to say nothing of occasional sleep. I looked at the middle drawer of the bureau, half pulled out with the sleeve of one of my good blue shirts dangling lonesomely over it. I looked at the empty coffee cup on the bedside table with its tamped-out, lipstick-stained cigaret butts in the saucer. I looked at the newly minted burn in the carpet beside the bed.

And I knew I'd been deluding myself for almost a month with the theory that I was involved in a great romance, a full-bodied love affair, the real thing. I began to feel like the pre-Veronica Marc Weston, the plodding salesman of Ajax Solar Heaters, the guy mothers trusted their daughters with, the guy the daughters treated like a brother, the guy who should have stood in bed because, somehow, he could never get anyone to lie down in it with him.

Marc Weston — All American jerk! I needed a drink.

Frank's is just a corner saloon — one of those rectangular joints with a pentagonal smell of old alcohol and older food you find on every other big city corner — but for once it looked positively neat. I ordered a scotch-on-the-rocks and sat there, glooming and wondering what had happened during my week on the road. I knew Veronica had only 48 bucks and some silver — plus use of the apartment and charge accounts at the food and liquor stores.

When Frank poured me a second
— turn the page

drink, he leaned across the bar and said, in his let's-rip-the-canvas-boys whisper, "Marc-boy, I know it ain't none of my business, and I don't want to make you no trouble, but that filly of yours has been doin' some prancin' while you were on the road."

Information! I lifted an eyebrow to encourage further revelation. "Who with?" I asked subtly.

"I dunno his name," said Frank, wrinkling what there was of his Neanderthal forehead. "He was a tall geezer with cufflinks and a striped grey suit. And he seemed to be cutting himself an inside track."

"I'll kill him," I said. "I'll cut him to pieces. Then I'll take her and—"

"Easy," said Frank. "Easy, boy. There's many another broad in the ocean."

"They all swim better than me," I told him sorrowfully.

"Buck up, chum," he said with the Frankenstein grimace that passes for his smile. "Drink up — the next one's on the house."

I knew he wasn't kidding then. In two years of frequenting the joint, this was the first time a free drink had come from the other side of the bar. But as far as I was concerned, it was strictly gloom-booze. I drank it with mournful, non-relish, telling myself I only did so because the house was buying.

A raffish character in a tweed jacket with leather patches on the elbows muscled onto the next stool and said, "Lose your girl, mister?"

"Do I look like I'm doing pushups in the park?" I countered, not knowing whether I wished he'd go away or not.

"Don't be like that," he said reprovingly. "I'm only trying to be a Good Samaritan. My name is Ford — Bill Ford — and I work for the Gazette."

"What do you know about my girl?" I asked him. He was an amiable looking character in a beat-up sort of way.

"Nothing — yet," he told me. "But maybe if you give me some data, I can help you find her."

"I'm not sure I want to," I said. "You a reporter or something?"

"Rewrite," he said. "They only let me out to graze once in a while. I like a chance to put my rusty reportorial repertoire to work."

"This ain't no story," I told him.

"Who knows?" he replied. "Today was pay-day. I'll buy the next."

When I finished telling him about Veronica, he looked thoughtful in a bloodshot way and said, "From what you tell me, I'd sure hate to lose a doll like that."

"Okay," I said, "you got the facts. Where do we find her?"

"We make like the farmer who found the missing horse by making like a horse and going where the horse went," said the newsman, frowning into his drink. "There's just five places in this town a babe like that goes to be seen in. Mona's, Giletti's, Ralph's —"

"— Gonzales' and the Clover," I finished for him. I'd heard the list plenty of times since I took up with Veronica. Hell, I'd even made the rounds with her a half dozen times. I began to feel hopeful for the first time.

"She ought to show in one of them," my new partner offered, "if she isn't too tightly hayed in with this creep in the cufflinks and the striped grey suit."

My hope went skin-diving, real deep. I began to think about this viper who had broken up my happy, if messy, home, and the more I thought about him, the angrier I got. I was considering the virtues of the Chinese death-of-a-thousand-cuts against those of the Iron Maiden at Nuremburg when Bill Ford yanked at my elbow and told me it was time to put the show on the asphalt.

We did Mona's, Giletti's and Ralph's before we caught up with them at Gonzales' — or vice versa. By that time, it was well into the evening, and my pal and I had picked up quite a head of steam, as well as a pair of tomatoes who had joined us somewhere along the not-so-lonesome road. The one who had latched onto me was a tiny little trick with one of those Roman hair-does that look like black spaghetti.

She made me laugh, which was why I let her stick along, and was just saying something screwy when the objects of our long search hove into view. And I do mean hove! Veronica traipsed in wearing a white-mink chubby that hadn't been in her single suitcase when she moved in with me. Her neck and wrists dripped with brilliants, and her cute little nose was aimed right for the chandelier. She didn't even see me until I poured my drink over her cherry-red hair.

There was a lot of squawking, which I paid no mind to because I was heading for the rascal right behind her. He wasn't wearing a striped grey suit because he had on a dinner jacket, but he was the cufflinks type, all right, and he was tall. I let him have all my resentment in a right hook to the chops.

I busted a knuckle on his jaw, and he just stood there, staring at me, looking sort of surprised. Then he let me have one I never saw coming — a real sneak punch — but it must have landed flush on the old button, because I blacked out.

When I came to, I was lying in my

own bed, and this chick was sitting on the foot of it, looking at me with a sort of worried look as if she couldn't quite believe what she saw. I blinked my eyes back into focus and saw the black-spaghetti hair-do and groaned. "Oh! It's you."

"Check," she said laconically. "I was afraid you were sick or something."

"I'm sick and something," I told her and made a beeline for the bathroom, wondering vaguely why she was all dressed while I was in my birthday suit. But I didn't have time to be embarrassed — not just then.

When I came out, she was still there. By that time I had my robe on and was near enough back to normal to note that, though she was about half the size of Veronica, she had one of the cutest little she-figures I ever saw on a girl.

She was very cool and crisp and even. She said, "Write me a check for fifty bucks, lover-boy, and I'll be on my way. I'm late at the office as it is."

I just nodded and went outside to the living room for my checkbook. I wondered why it was I'd had to pull a blank when something like this entered my life. She followed me, and I looked up and said, "Who do I make it out to?"

"You don't remember my name!" I could see her already large, almond-shaped black eyes widen. She lifted a hand to her forehead dramatically and sagged against the door-frame and declaimed, "I rescue you last night from the toils of the law. I bring you home in a cab. I take care of you, I spend the night with you, I stand by to see you're all right. I give you my all, and you ask me my name!" Then, in her crisp, businesslike voice, "It's Suzi Harris." She spelled out the Suzi so I wouldn't goof the check.

"Why all the emotion?" I asked, feeling more than somewhat bewildered.

"Because, judging by that red-headed ham you claimed blighted your life, you like your girls to have plenty of Smithfield," she said chillingly. She took the check and added, "Just so you won't get any wrong ideas, lover, that fifty is for what it cost me to bribe Gonzales and keep you out of jail."

I saw the neatly folded blanket, and the pillow, at one end of the sofa, and I knew she wasn't kidding. I said, "Don't judge me by Veronica. But I'm not much with the girls. She was the first one who ever gave me a real break. So I guess maybe I fell a little bit overboard."

"You can say that again, lover-boy," she said. "Hasn't anyone told you about the surplus women in the population? Why Veronica?"

"Why not?" I countered. I was still

shaky, and my jaw was beginning to hurt, but this doll was getting under my skin, no very great trick no matter how you look at it.

"'Lover-boy,'" she said, folding the check and dropping it into her purse, "you've had it—you really have had it! Let me know the next time you go head-hunting. I'll leave town."

Then she came over and stood on tiptoe and gave me a wholly unexpected kiss and said, "You great, big, lovable goon!" Then she was gone to an obligatto of trimly clicking high heels and the utch-gulp of the door-latch closing behind her. Suzi Harris, spelled S-u-z-i H-a-r-r-i-s. Memories of the evening before shifted into clear focus and Technicolor, and I sat down hard on the nearest chair and held my head in my hands and moaned softly. The only thing good about the situation my aching skull could compute was that it was Saturday morning, which meant I wouldn't have to report to my chief at Ajax Solar Heaters until Monday morning.

The telephone rang, and I staggered in to the bedroom to answer it. "Veronica, darling!" I cried at the sweet sound of her voice.

But I was nobody's darling, least of all hers any more. Some of the things she called me I hadn't heard since Korea, and she called me plenty of things. But what it boiled down to was this, "I can't really blame you for pouring that stinking drink over my head, but why did you have to hit Jonas O'Brien?"

"Who's Jonas O'Brien?" I wanted to know.

"The man you hit," she replied with typical Veronica insight.

"Who is he?" I asked.

Veronica explained. This character I'd belted—and been belted out by—was a very, very important television director, and Veronica had been all gussied up to impress him and get a part in one of his shows. "Now he'll only hire me for gangster molls or something like that. He as good as told me so."

"Good casting," I replied and got my other ear chewed off. When I could break in again, I said, "So why blow your cork, babe? After all, you should feel flattered I wanted to hit the man who stole you from me."

"But Jonas didn't do that," she protested. "I never met him before yesterday. The man I left you for is Rick Lewis. He's an agent, and he's going to do wonderful things for my career."

I hung up—having heard enough for the moment. So now it was a character named Rick Lewis who had busted up my love-life. You had to hand it to Veronica on two counts—the second being she was too slow-

witted to tell anything but the truth when she had no prepared script ready. The first—well, she had left my bed and board, so what's the use of going into that at this late date?

What to do about Rick Lewis? I was sitting there on the bed, pondering the problem and fingering my aching jaw, when another ring made me pick up the phone.

All I got was a dial tone, and I thought, *What the hell?* Then the ring came again, and I realized it was the doorbell. I put down the phone and tottered back through the living room and opened it, hoping Suzi had forgotten her head or something and come back. But it was only Bill Ford the Gazette reporter of the night before. He was waving a copy of that afternoon rag in my face like a banner.

"My boy!" he cried, trying to embrace me. "My hero!" When you decide to belt a guy, you don't pick on nobodies. You made me a story, lover-boy."

"Get lost!" I told him, but he pushed in and laid out the paper on the living room table. I was more interested in the bottle of whiskey whose neck stuck out of his jacket pocket—at least until I saw my picture, and Veronica's, in print. Hers was prettier.

"Where'd you dig that up?" I asked

him.

"From your college yearbook, chum."

"I thought so," I told him, eyeing the headline warily. It said—TV PRODUCER, BEAUTY, BEAST, IN SALOON BRAWL. "Veronica would have preferred you to call her an actress," I told him, "and what's with this beast bit?"

"Blame it on the copy desk," he replied airily. "Boy, when you hit somebody, you really hit *somebody*!" He fingered a credit line which read, *by Bill Ford*.

"Great!" I said morosely. "There's just one trouble—I hit the wrong guy. The guy I should have belted is a creep named Lewis—Rick Lewis."

"Stinky Ricky?" he asked, looking pleased. "You mean *he* swiped that broad of yours?"

"That!" I told him, "is what *she* says. I only just found it out."

"If Stinky's involved, he'll wangle her a movie contract out of this," he said, shaking his unkempt head in admiration. "Man, what a rat he is! This calls for a drink."

We had it—in fact, we had several. I couldn't stay sore at him. I wasn't in shape to stay sore at anybody that Saturday, not even Stinky Rick Lewis. I was too busted up, emotionally and physically.

—turn to page 52

Asam



"Nothing in the help wanted—we've got to think of something."

Some millionaire sportsmen starve for peril, thrills
and ultimate destruction

Why Rich Men Court Death

by ARNOLD STOVER

WHEN A WEALTHY, well-born handsome young man like Spain's Marquis de Portales hurtles to flaming death in a speeding automobile; when a Loeb and Leopold kill a Bobby Franks for "kicks"; when one of the Stevens brothers is physically shattered by a bob-sledding accident—there is always a big question of why? Why should anyone blessed with youth, vigor, riches and social position deliberately take insane chances that can only result in his own ultimate maiming or destruction? Scores of millions of fortune's less favored find it impossible to understand.

It is tradition among sports-page addicts that, in those forms of athletics involving direct physical combat, the poor and hungry contestant will always beat the well-fed one. In general, this holds true, but only because so many more hungry youths are driven to the more violent forms of legal combat in their efforts to make a fast buck while they are still young enough to enjoy it.

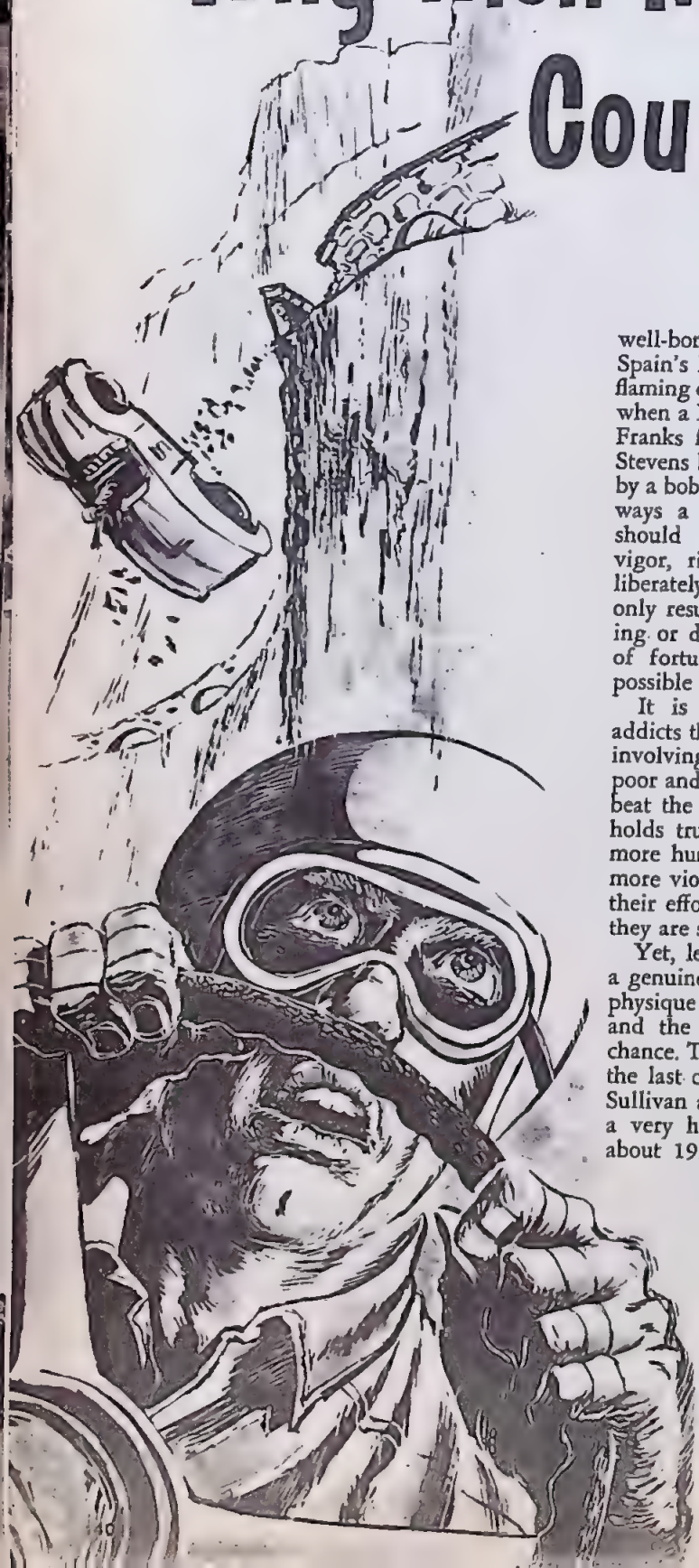
Yet, let a rich boy come along with a genuine love of hard knocks and the physique to take and dish same out, and the hungry youth seldom has a chance. There was an English milord in the last century who trimmed John L. Sullivan at the peak of his prowess in a very hush-hush private fight. Back about 1931, Harvard boasted an All-



American center named Ben Ticknor, whose huge size and ruggedness mocked his heritage of top-level book publishing and high-altitude finance. And what he did to the middle of one of Michigan's best lines still inspires shudders. He liked nothing better than to toss rough-hewn youths from mining and steelmill backgrounds around like so many beanbags.

Nor has American competitive sports ever known a colder-eyed all-out-to-win character than polo-playing Tommy Hitchcock, who could outslug and out-rough the most leathery Texas cowhands when it came to an onfield ride-off. Although Tommy played clean, he played so hard that he might as well have had a gun instead of a mallet.

Which brings us back to the big question... why do so many young men of great wealth seek out those forms of athletic activity that stand a good chance of killing them? For that matter, what are the rich man's sports? They include such charmingly chintzy activities as road racing in fast cars; court tennis, where eyes are frequent casualties to the archaic, hard-as-rock ball; steeplechase riding, where rival jumpers crack bones like matchsticks; polo; bobsledding, a sport that makes skiing look like a game for children; mountain climbing under hazardous conditions; big-game hunting and exploration in jungle, desert or under-



water, where almost anything can go wrong and frequently does.

What impels the man who has everything to do his damndest to throw it all away, including his life? Psychiatrists, of course, have come up with a number of pat answers. They frequently list the idle man's need to test his courage, skill, stamina and virility against conditions he can consider truly challenging; the thrill of danger without which some men do not feel alive, and a lack of intellectual and philosophic maturity that prevents such men from finding satisfaction in more thoughtful, less dangerous pursuits.

To these oft-listed motivations, another pair must be added. The first of these stems from the fact that many of the founders of our big fortunes were driving, aggressive, active men, and their heritage in some instances remains strong in the veins of their sons and grandsons, who no longer have the outlet of business pioneering and industrial piracy to give them gratification. They crave conflict and the facing of danger, and they seek it wherever they can find it, no matter what the cost.

The other motivation is born in the fact that most such rich men, like other men of small intellectual aims and attainments, are born gamblers, and that to gamble at, say, roulette when there is little to gain by breaking the bank and nothing important to lose, is a fate worse than death. In such instances, the only sort of roulette that gives satisfaction is some form of Russian roulette, with one chamber of the revolver loaded and death as the loser's forfeit.

In this restlessness and rootlessness, the rich young man is closely allied to the juvenile delinquent, usually at the other end of the social and financial scale, whose lack of any real sense of identity or status sends him out in search of crime. Unless he is a Loeb or Leopold, the rich man knows crime cannot possibly pay him even in excitement, so he heads for the nearest jungle or tanbark or sled-chute to test his wings against violent death.

Such men, of course, are misfits. The mere fact that they can afford cyanide, and have access to it, is no real reason why they should drink it. But the rich neurotic, like his far more numerous poorer cousins, is seldom able to see beyond the walls of his own frustration. If he could, he'd be playing golf or table tennis instead of seeking to set new records over daredevil road-race courses and down bobsled runs.





GIRL,
from page 31

considered letting a pair of midgits occupy the limited space the satellite would afford, but this had proved impractical—they couldn't put enough instruments close enough to the floor.

So they had their satellite, ready to go on its launching pad at White Sands—but they had no one to man it. Every conceivable form of simplification had been essayed but the absolute minimum remained too much. They were stymied.

As Larry sought to gather his thoughts for a coherent answer to the chairman's question, his mind kept wandering to Nina—to Nina in the brown-and-gold playsuit, to Nina nude as a winter tree but far warmer, to Nina clasped in his arms, to Nina asleep, to Nina gloriously, passionately awake, to Nina in her kitchenette, whipping together that man-saving breakfast.

To Nina in her kitchenette... That was it. He looked at the chairman, at the other members of the hush-hush committee. He reached for a cigarette, lit it, exhaled blue smoke and said, "Gentlemen, I don't wish to raise your hopes prematurely, but it is just possible I have stumbled on the answer—or, at any rate, on an answer..."

He knew, of course, that, come what might, he was sacrificing the most wonderful bedmate he had ever found—but, after all, he was both a scientist and a loyal American, so quite naturally science and America had to come first. Toning down the sex angle, of course, he told them about Nina.

They didn't believe him, at first. He had to go and get her after a temporary adjournment. She looked adorable, with her heavy gold-brown tresses done up in a dust-cloth, wearing a

checked red-and-white playsuit, a feather duster held lightly in her tail, a cloth in one hand, a brush in the other. She greeted him with a glad little cry of surprise, saying, "I didn't expect you so early, Larry darling." Again her lips found his, her arms embraced him.

With a firmness he had not thought he possessed, Larry held her gently from him after one prolonged, fervent embrace. He said, "Nina darling, I want you to listen very carefully. And I want you to know that you are perfectly free to refuse the proposition I am going to put before you."

"Yes, darling, of course," she said, sitting perched on his lap. "But you should be happy if you really love me, not so grim and serious." She leaned forward and kissed him again, revealing delightful cleavage beneath the red-and-white playsuit halter.

"Unfortunately, it's damned serious," he said. "But first, what papers do you have, Nina?"

"Papers?" she looked bewildered. "I have the *Gazette* and the *Register* here somewhere. But I don't—"

"Not newspapers," he said, smiling a little. "Identification papers—passport, family records, credit cards, stuff like that?"

"Are you a policeman, Larry?" she asked searchingly. "You told me you were a scientist." Her eyes were the eyes of a wounded doe.

He told her then, after seeing that her papers looked, surprisingly, all right, though they made no mention of her caudal appendage. According to her passport, she was of half-American parentage and had been brought up in the South Seas. She was a citizen and, he noted with approval, a licensed pilot of small planes.

"I learned at home," she said when he asked about it. "I'm a—how you say?—natural-born flyer. You want me to fly?"

He explained, careful to reveal no classified data. She listened quietly, without visible signs of disturbance. When he was through, she said, "You mean you'll help me get home?"

"As soon as it's over—if that's what you want," he promised.

"Yesterday, yes," she told him. "Today, no—but I must get home. My people are expecting me."

"I should think you could have made it before this," he said, mildly puzzled. "Surely, there must be plane or boat passage to your island. If there isn't, how in hell am I going to get there after you?"

"You're sweet!" she cried softly, hugging him close. Then, "But it is difficult this time of year. Sometimes, the way things are, it is easier to get out than to get in—other times, the reverse."

"Well, what do you say?" he asked her. "Are you willing to talk to my people?"

"But of course," she said quietly. "I cannot turn down such a chance. When do they want to see me?"

"Right now," he told her.

She kissed him, and her eyes looked deep into his for a moment before she turned away to get her coat.

It was afternoon when they reached the committee-room. The members were coolly courteous until Nina finally exposed her tail. The concerted deep breaths that followed sounded like a group sigh. Then the meeting, as if given a shot in the arm, got down to business.

Nina insisted on having her weekends with Larry during the weeks of rigorous training that followed, but while their times together were wonderful, they were not the same as the magical first encounter. The imminence of parting lay over both of them heavily, and they were rigidly fenced in by wooden-faced security guards. As the time for takeoff drew closer, Larry kicked himself with increasing frequency for having opened his big mouth to destroy a love he could never hope to replace.

"Don't be so sad, darling," she said on their final night in each other's arms. "We shall be together again—I'll see to that."

"You've got an eighty-twenty chance of survival," he told her. "If anything goes wrong, if anyone goofs, if anything happens to you up there, I'll kill myself."

"Nonsense," she told him, laughing softly. "I'll come back for you—I promise, darling."

The passionate, heaving embrace that followed left him without time or impulse to analyze this somewhat cryptic remark. All he could think of was that Nina—his darling Nina with her unique, adorable appendage—was going to be the first human in space and might very well never come back. He thought of the *Vanguards* and other satellite failures, and his eyes filled



"Down, Boy — DOWN!"

with tears which she promptly kissed away.

"Why couldn't you have joined a Commie fellow-traveler group or anything, so that they'd have turned you down, Nina?" he moaned in his misery.

"Silly!" she laughed, talking between kisses. "I've never been around people enough to join anything here."

He flew with her to White Sands the next day, and watched them fuel up the huge solid-fuel, atomic-powered rocket that was to take his beloved above the atmosphere.

"You won't think harshly of me, will you, darling Larry?" she asked softly as they stood on the concrete hardstand, looking up at the towering rocket, and its gantry of light structural metals painted bright, rust-red.

"How could I?" he countered. "I'm much too busy hating myself for getting you into it."

"You mustn't be," she assured him. "You have been truly noble."

"Too damned noble," he replied. He felt the reassuring warmth of her hand slipped into his, and squeezed it affectionately. It was very sweet—and very, very, *very* sad . . .

Even the weather conspired against the lovers by being perfect the next day. Larry lingered forlornly in the subterranean concrete observation chamber while a wierdly space-suited figure, made tiny by altitude, crossed the catwalk from gantry top to satellite cabin. Her voice sounded calm, despite its exotic accent, as she ran through the checkoff list with Ground Control as the countdown went unhurriedly, inexorably, on. As it went into the final thirty seconds, she murmured a gentle, "So long, Larry," through the communications system, causing him to weep like a baby. The chairman, who was also present, put a comforting arm around Larry's shoulders, and his eyes, too, were full.

"A strange and wonderful creature," he said softly to the distraught, heart-broken younger man.

"... three . . . two . . . one . . . zero!" came the mechanical voice of the counter, as thought he were listing items in a department store inventory.

A lancet of flame appeared beneath the huge multiple-rocket, a lancet that broadened blindingly and gave forth billowing clouds of dust and pulverized concrete. Slowly, as if hesitating to ask permission, the gigantic craft rose on its own flame, then with rapid, steady acceleration until it was a darting streak in the cobalt sky, and then was nothing at all.

"One hundred per cent!" exclaimed a technical chief, breaking into a happy grin. "She'll be in orbit right on the nose."

"What about Nina?" Larry asked

anxiously. "Why doesn't she say something?"

"That acceleration's brutal," was the reply. "Even the way we've got it toned down, it's a gut-buster."

Larry felt sick but he couldn't bring himself to leave the chamber even momentarily, not with Nina up there, going through God only knew what torment.

"*Xrsplltutio . . . xrsplltvio!*" came Nina's voice, followed by another series of unintelligible, almost vowelless syllables.

"What the hell?" said the committee chairman. "Are we being scrambled?"

After a quick check, the technician in charge of communications shook his head. "We're okay at this end," he insisted.

"*Zftpllgspitch, gbdmtlik fetzxschmdt . . .*" the unintelligible gibberish in Nina's voice went on.

"Maybe something up there has scrambled her powers of speech, a four-star general suggested. Larry moaned, unable to bear the thought of what might be happening upstairs. Nina insane, talking kibberish—it was unbearable.

"Ssshhh!" said the chairman testily.

A deep, masculine voice had cut in with what sounded like, "*Tlspticrst, farfcktiipul?*"

There was a moment of uneasy silence while the conversation continued, then a sudden rush as the radarscreen operator gave a taut little cry.

He had Nina's satellite perfectly tracked, a small blip of light moving slowly across the screen. But another blip had appeared, one that grew larger with incredible speed and became a round disc, then a flat, almost linelike image as it turned. For several heartbeats, it paralleled the satellite, and then suddenly they merged and the alien object was growing smaller, all alone.

"Hijacked, by God!" exclaimed the chairman. "And by a bloody flying saucer."

All at once, Larry was recalling the strange sounds Nina had uttered there in the movie theater, when he had stepped on her tail. They had sounded remarkably like the gibberish that had just come through the loudspeaker there in the control chamber. Her vagueness about her home, her statement, "I've never been around people enough to join anything here." All at once, such lightly noticed anachronisms and oddities fell into a different and far more sinister focus.

And what had she meant when she said, "I'll come back for you—I promise, darling." All at once, he was not at all sure whether he wanted Nina to come back for him or not . . .

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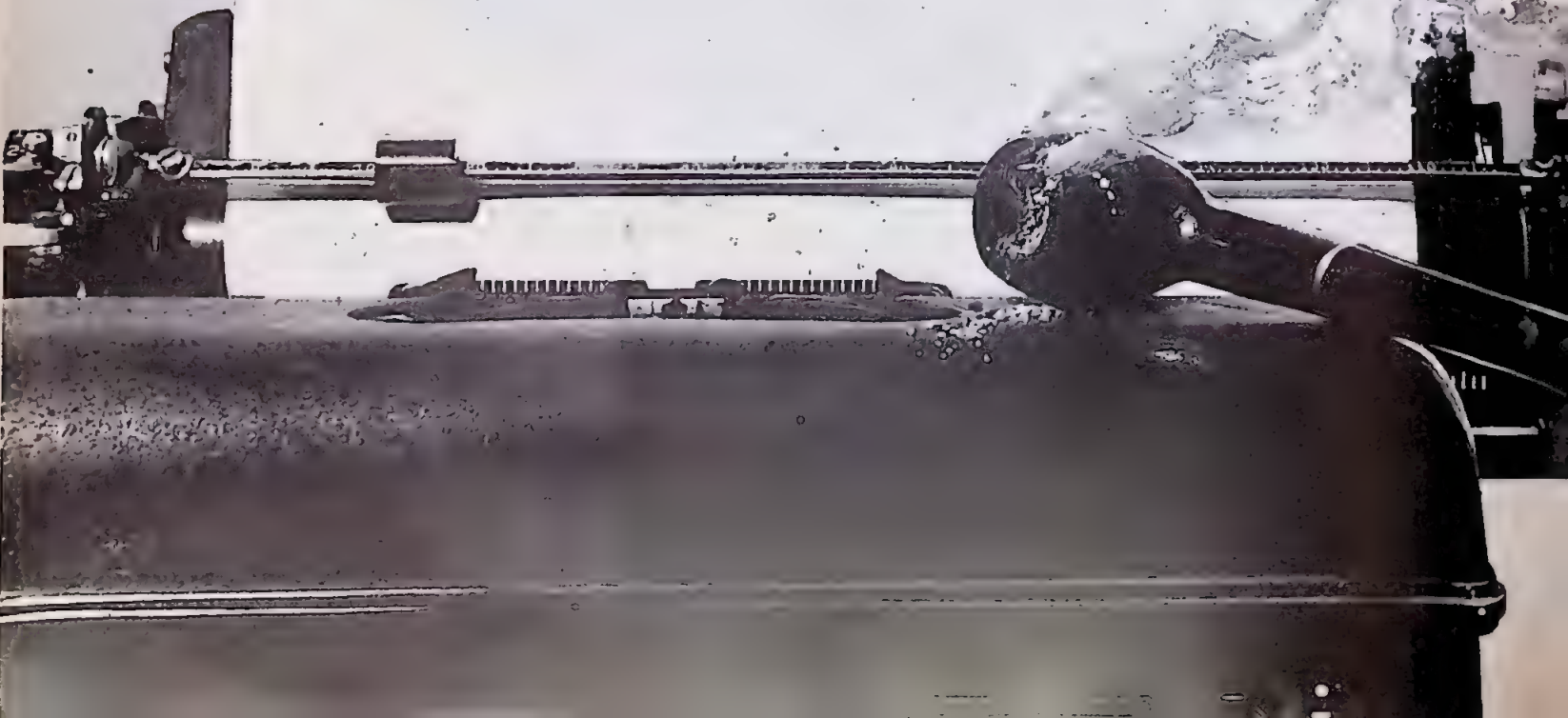
...the unfinished sentence

by Robert Kris

Ahead of her and slightly to the right, a half-mile
or so up the main highway, Linda could see the faint
outline of the fashionable, suburban apartments.

The sports car coasted powerfully until the cut-
off from where it whipped onto the service road to the
parking area. She maneuvered deftly into an empty

—turn the page





She pressed hungrily against him, and Eric straightened and dragged her toward the bedroom.

SENTENCE, from page 46

space, switched off the ignition, and sat motionless for a moment, reflecting in the early evening duskiness.

She had been amusedly curious about Eric Scott. Mutual friends had saturated her with their impressively candid opinion that he was God's gift to women. But the unanimity, although fascinating, inspired a poetic vision of a man over whom women swarmed like clusters of grapes on a rich vine, beckoning ripely while he selected with the aplomb of an Adam and the piercing foresight of a chess player.

And *that*, Linda had told herself almost indignantly, was impossible.

She smiled ruefully, remembering her own meeting with him a week ago when her disbelief had dissolved like a snowflake in the hand.

Above her, a majestically handsome man paused at a second floor window. The parking area lights had been turned on and he peered detachedly at the sleek, unfamiliar car showcased below. He was about to turn away when the exquisite, blond woman emerged from the car.

Eric Scott's eyes sharpened in recognition as she walked rapidly toward his building as if afraid she might change her mind. He smiled speculatively, hands in the pockets of his smoking jacket, and waited patiently for the ring at the door.

"Hi." Linda greeted him with determined nonchalance, standing proud and tall although, as tall as she was, she still had to look well up at him. "Remember me?"

He measured the hint of strained embarrassment which escaped the sheen of her fresh, enchanting beauty. "Why, of course, Linda. We met at the Fos-

ters' party."

The shock of relief she felt at his knowing her was followed, like thunder after lightning, by shame that she had doubted herself that much. She plunged into her rehearsed speech with incongruous heat. "I had dinner with some friends who live close by and thought I would stop up and say hello after I left them."

"Well, I'm glad you did. Come on in."

Now that Linda had spoken the words, they sounded flat and ridiculous to her. She avoided Eric's gaze as he stepped aside to let her pass. She slipped the coat from her shoulders and hesitated in the middle of the comfortable, masculine living room, with its pleasantly subdued air of richness, looking around with mingled interest and trepidation as if afraid of what she might find.

The room was empty and she told herself violently. *Well, what did you expect. Naked women hanging from the chandelier?* "You have a lovely place here." She was half-facing him in a pose of natural grace and skill. The tight knit dress traced her body like a wet cloth, emphasizing the magnificent breasts and perfect hips.

"Thank you."

He closed the door and the sound had an odd, frightening finality as though she were suddenly blocked forever from the outside world. She wondered in a disconcerting flash of introspection what in the world she was doing, chasing a man, something she not long ago would have thought far more absurd than even the stories about Eric Scott.

The brief stillness began to multiply her tension. She glanced at the in-

credibly attractive man leaning against the door, his imposing shoulders nearly concealing it from view, and felt her composure slipping like a runaway truck under his calm scrutiny. She held out her coat.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Let me take that."

She was seated on the davenport, fighting the latent excitement within her, when he returned to the living room. He walked over to her with the confident tread of an athlete, sat down at the opposite end of the davenport, and reached for a pipe.

"That was a very nice party last week, wasn't it?"

"Yes," she answered.

"The Fosters are nice people."

"Yes, they are."

Eric drew briefly on his pipe and put it in the ash tray as he began to rise. "Would you like a drink?"

Linda nodded. She watched him covertly as he mixed their drinks, dismayed at her monosyllabic stiffness. He handed the glass to her and they sipped quietly. Then she was distantly aware that he had begun to lead the conversation again and that she was responding with increasing aptitude, like a dancing partner, attuned to the gentle pressure of his voice, deep and smooth and thrilling.

The hypnotic charm of his personality isolated her nervousness and gently withdrew it until she relaxed in the intriguing web being woven about her. When he stopped talking, she looked up quickly, startled for a moment at the sharp contrast of silence, to find his eyes roaming casually over her.

"Looking for something?" she teased.

Eric swirled the glass in his large hands. "No, I've found it."

"Oh? And what did you find?"

"I've found the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

The answer dispelled a pang of suspense, leaving a smile at the corners of Linda's mouth. "I see." She dared to lock stares with him for the first time, resisting the delightful temptation to brush back the thick black hair curled carelessly over his forehead. "And how many other girls have you told that to."

"I don't make a habit of saying that," replied Eric matter-of-factly, "because I haven't found it particularly necessary."

"Why with me?"

He shrugged. "With you — it's different. The statement happens to be true."

Linda laughed, glowing. She rearranged her position sensuously on the davenport, conscious of her breasts pointed tauntingly at him. He got up and disposed of their glasses and she waited with assurance for him to sit



"Movies proved so successful a distraction with the kids, I figured they ought to work just as well with their fathers."

down next to her this time. Instead, he walked across the room from the kitchen into the bedroom and, she saw through the open door that he took a suit of clothes from the closet.

She gasped with bewilderment and jumped to her feet. "What are you doing?"

He turned toward her as if surprised. "Oh, I'm sorry, Linda. But I do have an engagement tonight." He carefully flicked some lint from the suit coat.

She entered the bedroom slowly, knees shaking, her moment of independence swept aside in the wake of his sudden, unexpected indifference. "Eric? Do you have to go out?"

"No." He looked down at her boldly. "No, I don't."

The implication was obvious and the virile inflection in his tone wrapped her in a mist of longing. She shuddered deliciously at the feel of his powerful fingers digging into her shoulders, pulling her into him. Their lips searched each other hungrily. Eric straightened and walked to the bed, her arms around his neck and her feet dangling from the carpet, every step bumping their bodies together.

They fell in heated embrace on the bed and Linda heard his voice as if far away. "By the way," he whispered, "who were those friends who had you over for dinner tonight?"

The chuckle sent a surge of anger through her. She realized that he had seen the pretense of her visit all along, toying with her even while she thought she had gained command of him. She tried weakly to escape but he held her captive and the fire in her burned the resentment into grateful surrender.

She cried aloud as his hands ex-

plored her body with the delicacy of a surgeon and they strained together in a cocoon of passion...

The man at the typewriter paused in the crescendo of love he was creating for his two characters. As he found the words he wanted, the sudden exclamation behind him caught his frail fingers poised above the keys, momentarily freezing them like the limbs of a petrified tree.

"Are you at that typewriter again?"

He sensed Linda's menacing approach across the bedroom and pulled the paper from the machine, crumpling it, with some other sheets, into his pocket. Then the man who was Eric Scott rose, wiping his bald head nervously. "Just, uh, testing a new ribbon, dear." He drew himself to his full height but he still had to look well up at his wife.

"Well, can't that wait!" she snapped. "The dishes are in the sink." She pointed a fat arm for emphasis.

"All right, dear." He turned in resignation and walked timidly to the kitchen. Out of her sight, he cautiously withdrew the sheets. He sorted them out, found the page that had been in the typewriter, and read the last sentence he had been writing.

She cried aloud as his hands explored her body with the delicacy of a surgeon and they strained together in a cocoon of passion...

Sighing deeply, he lit a stove burner. He poked the corners of the papers into the flames and dumped them into the empty half of the double sink, watching forlornly as the words were licked into ashy nothingness.

Then, he began to wash the dishes.



"Can't you just report that he had an over dose of sleeping pills instead?"



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Adam's tales



OTHER TIMES . . .

The aging alumnus visited his son in the old alma mater and noticed a woman's shoe nailed up over the fraternity house door. Said Dad, "When I was here, we didn't nail up a woman's shoe, we nailed a horseshoe over the door."

"But, Dad," protested Junior, "that is a whore's shoe!"

* * *

SWINGING FOUL

It was the most sensational courtroom hearing in the entire long history of the county. A circus midget had been accused of successful criminal sex-assault on a local lady who stood over six feet in her stockings. The prosecuting attorney attempted to explain how the feat had been accomplished.

"The defendant stood on this bucket we caught him with," he began, "and thus made up for his relative lack of height . . ."

Snorted the judge, "Your whole presentation is ridiculous. I'm of half a mind to throw the case out of court."

But the midget, proud of his achievement, suddenly pleaded guilty. And the puzzled judge asked him, "I'd like to know how. Even if you *had* stood on the bucket, as the prosecutor attempted to prove, you could never have reached—"

"Your honor," the culprit confessed, "I didn't stand on the bucket. I tossed it over the victim's head and swung from the handle."

* * *

Adam



"Oh, that reminds me . . . how is your husband these days?"



LOOK WHO . . . I

It took quite a tussle, but at last the juvenile delinquent's parents managed to get him to a psychiatrist's office, where the doctor-in-charge began putting him through tests. First he drew a picture of two circles and said to the boy, "What does that make you think of?"

"Two people making love," was the reply.

The psychiatrist then drew a triangle and repeated the question. The prompt answer was, "Three people making love."

Concerned, the doctor drew a square and showed it to his young patient. "It reminds me of four people making love," said the youth.

The psychiatrist laid down his pad and pencil and shook his head, remarking, "You really are obsessed with sex, my boy."

The delinquent started and reared resentfully, "I'm obsessed with sex! Look who's been drawing dirty pictures!"

* * *

WOLF'S WOOF

Lament of the Hollywood wolf — "So I asked her what she was doing that evening, and she said nothing much, so I took her out — and sure enough, she wasn't!"

* * *



UNCANNY

Cried a slender young lady named Toni With a bottom exceedingly bony,

"I'll say this for my rump, Though it may not be plump, At least it's my own and not phoney!"

* * *

THIS IS IT

A gorgeous young lady of fashion,
Renowned for her wit and her passion,
Is said to have said
As she joined Jack in bed,
"Here's one thing the bastards can't ration."

* * *

SMOOOOOTH!

You won't find them any smoother
than the character who managed to
make his wife feel sympathy toward
the girl who left her panties in the
back seat of his car.

* * *



WHY NOT?

GIRL: Honey, how about the two of us
stepping out tonight together?

GUY: Sorry, babe, it's out of the question. I'm married.

GIRL: So what? I like doing business
with an old established firm.

* * *

CATASTROPHE!

Just as Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke
were about to go out to dinner, Mr.
Pembroke discovered that a vital button
was missing from his trousers.
"Honey," he said, "I can't go out to
dinner like this. You'll have to sew
on a new button."

"I'm sorry—I can't, honey," said
Mrs. Pembroke. "I'm all out of thread,
But why don't you go to Mrs. Johnson's
next door and have her sew
one on. I can get the car out while
she's doing it."

Some minutes later, Mr. Pembroke
staggered into the car. He was in
deplorable shape—eyes blackened,
teeth missing, his clothing mangled.
Cried his wife, "Good God, honey,
what happened?"

"I just did what you told me,"
Pembroke replied, speaking with difficulty.
"I asked Mrs. Johnson to sew
on a button, and she was very nice
about it."

"But what happened?" repeated his
wife.

"She had just finished sewing it on
and was biting off the thread when
Mister Johnson marched in!"

* * *

HOW'S THAT?

One of the world's largest meat and
poultry packing firms held its annual
convention in a large West Coast city
only last year. During the mayhem, one
of the younger executives present managed
to have an amorous week-long romance
with a charming girl from the suburbs.
When he had to return to his
job in the Midwest, he promised the
girl he would come back to resume
their romance the moment he could
get away.

Two months later, the girl, who had
really fallen for the guy and had not
heard a word from him, decided to
seize the initiative herself and go to
him. When she finally reached the
huge packing plant, she visited the
personnel office and told the official in
charge, "Will you please tell Joe McGee
that I'm here."

"Well, we have three men of that
name in our employ," replied the
personnel man. "It might simplify things
if you were to describe your Joe McGee
more fully."

"He's tall, dark and very good looking,
with a narrow black mustache,"
she said.

"Does he go in for bright ties?"

"Yes, he does," said the girl.

"Ah, then," offered the personnel
man with a smile, "that must be Joe
McGee the pheasant plucker."

"That's my Joe," cried the girl, "and
he's a wonderful dancer besides."

* * *



A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND...

After a very, very wild night, the
lover looked down at his companion
and said, "Darling, do you tell your
mother everything you do?"

Replied the girl, "Certainly not—
mother doesn't give a damn. It's my
husband who is always so inquisitive."

* * *

DECLARATION

Declared the big-city Lothario—
"If she's good for nothing,
She'll be bad for nothing."

* * *

Adam



"...there's one Martian I hope to meet!"



BROAD,
from page 39

About 4 o'clock, the phone woke me up again — my reported buddy was snoring peacefully on the other side of the bed. The caller was Flo Bentley, a lush little trick I hadn't seen for six months, when I made a pass and got roundly rebuffed after taking her out for a couple of weeks.

Flo was cooing. She said, "Marc, darling, I just saw the paper. You do get into the weirdest scrapes, don't you?"

"Not until last night," I told her.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"I'm great," I replied, suppressing a belch. "You want an Ajax Solar Heater or something?" My mouth felt as if vultures had nested in it.

The gist of it was, if I felt up to it, Flo wanted me to come over and have a drink at her place. I looked at the bottle, empty and useless on the bedside table. I looked at Bill Ford snoring, and shuddered. I said, "I'll be right over, cookie. So warm up your scotch."

After all, why not? Life at home held few, if any attractions just then. Quite the reverse.

Flo didn't need a solar heater — she was wearing a pair of crazy Capri pants that looked transparent and almost were, and a blouse a lot more off the shoulder than on. I'd forgotten what a good looking tomato she was — one of those pink-and-gold girls who look as sweet as a nesselrode pie and chew nails. But she wasn't chewing nails any more — not then — not with Marc Weston. Overnight, the All American jerk had become the All American sexboat. I didn't wade in — she did.

Flo had dough — inherited. She had been to a swank girl's finishing school in Connecticut and traipsed around in what passed for society. But she could have given even Veronica lessons. When we came up for air, I said, "What gives, gorgeous — have I changed?"

She sighed and wriggled a little in my arms and said, "I don't really know, darling. I liked you all right when I went out with you before."

"You should have sent up smoke signals or something," I told her. "I never got the message."

"I guess I thought you lacked color," she said. "How wrong can a gal be?"

"Show me," I said. "I like gals who

have gone wrong."

"Oh, Marc!" she sort of moaned. Everything was just great — except, once the old physical was taken care of, I realized I couldn't stand the broad. She was a hot one, all right, but there wasn't any bite. It was like a steady diet of marshmallow sauce, when I craved a bit of barbecue. I thought maybe Veronica's dramatics had spoiled me for sugar and spice. I got out of there by 10 o'clock.

Weston, the guy the dames didn't go for, combing a million bucks on the hoof out of his mouse-colored hair! It was for the birds. I thought about the empty on the bedside table and picked up a fifth of scotch at the liquor store on the way home.

Bill Ford was still there, making a big dent in a bottle he'd ordered himself. I ordered up some sandwiches from the delicatessen, and we shot the breeze until we fell asleep again. When I told him about Flo, he blinked and said, Florence Bentley, the hi-sci broad?"

I nodded, and he said, "That reminds me — a couple of other chicks buzzed you while you were dancing the minuet with Miss Millionbucks. He pulled out a crumpled piece of paper and read off their names — both were girls I'd had a run with and landed out in left field for a big double-zero.

He said, "Why in hell can't I gim-mick up my own sex-life the way I seem to have gimmicked up yours?"

I shook my head and told him, "You can have 'em — I'm still hung on the red-head."

"She'll come 'round," he said. "Let's look up Stinky Rick Lewis so you can hang one on his chin."

"You got enough story out of me," I said. "Besides, I only got one jaw — and it's still plenty sore."

The phone rang then, and he answered. He said, "Just a moment, Miss Bentley, he's right here."

It was Flo, cooing good-night and trying to tie me up in a full nelson, I shadow-boxed, and she finally said, "I'm glad you've got a friend there with you."

"You're only glad he's not a she," I said.

"You almost scare me, darling," she said. "The way you read a girl's mind is frightening."

I shoed Bill out before noon on Sunday, and spent a lonely day in the movies, getting over it.

When I hit the office Monday, Miss Johnson, the receptionist, gave me a sort of I-wonder look and said, "Mr. Grissom said for you to go in the minute you got here. I hope it's not bad news, lover-boy."

Miss Johnson is tall and stacked and beautiful in an enameled way. She

and I hadn't seen exactly eye to eye since the last office Christmas party, when I trapped her under the mistletoe and got my foot almost crushed by a very high heel. Something told me, I could reverse the situation now with a straight plunge through center. But I went in to see Mr. Grissom instead.

The Ajax Solar Heater Sales Manager has the eyebrows of John L. Lewis, the mind of Machiavelli and the growling voice of a major league umpire. If I hadn't been so numbed by the events of the weekend, my knees would have saved my having to knock on his office door.

"Weston," he rumbled, spearing me from beneath those craggy brows, "I seem to have misjudged you."

"Yessir," I said, lumping my wee bank balance with my unemployment insurance and trying to come up with a livable income.

"Harrummmph!" he exploded. "Your egotism is commendable. I fear I had you rated as a cipher — a competent one, but still a nonentity. Your recent activities, however, are forcing me to change my mind, something I rarely if ever do."

"Yessir," I said.

"Your department informs me they have received seven orders for Deluxe Household Heaters from clients in your territory by telephone and telegram this morning. Apparently, you have some quality women like — though I'm damned if I can see it myself — and, remember, it's the woman who does the buying these days."

"Yessir," I said.

Seven orders! I had only sold five in my week on the road and thought I was going great. I forgot about unemployment insurance and began adding nice, fat, juicy commissions. For a moment, I thought old Grissom was going to toss in a bonus, but he hadn't blown his gaff that far. As it was, I retired to be the hero of the water-cooler gang.

The girls, who had paid about as much attention to me as they paid to their used shorthand notebooks, eyed me like jungle tigresses eyeing a particularly plump okapi until after their coffee break. After that, they oozed. I didn't figure it out until Pat Gordon, our dispatcher, stuck a folded copy of the *Gazette* on my desk just before lunch and waggled his eyebrows significantly.

It was an item topping the society gossip column, and it had me paired with Flo for a fare-thee-well. I knew who was responsible and dialed the paper — but before I could put the call through, I had to take one the other way. It was the girl herself.

"Darling!" Flo cooed, "Have you seen the papers?"

I told her I had and she wound up asking me to lunch in the city's swankiest drop.

We were just starting on our *crepes de volailles* when, without a storm warning, Veronica barged up in a leopard-skin dress with a scene bubbling in each green eye.

She said, "Marc, honey, you can't throw me over for this — this . . ."

I was mildly surprised, even though I thought I had passed the surprise-saturation point some hours earlier. I said, "I thought it was the other way around. What about running off with Stinky Rick?"

She leaned toward me, as did Flo, in a battle of the cleavages even Hollywood might have found photogenic. She made a gesture of dismissal and said, "But that was purely professional, can't you see? I had to have Rick for my agent if I was to further my career. But, honey, you know I love you."

"I know *you* love you," I told her. "I didn't know Miss Bentley invited you to this table, but if you're hungry, sit up and beg, and I'll give you some scraps."

Her mouth fell open, and I popped a forkful of creamed chicken into it, just as a flashbulb went off. Flo laughed and gasped, "Oh, Marc, never a dull moment around you."

I had realized, by then, that it wasn't Veronica I'd been moping about. All the dismal, dreary, needless scenes, all the untidiness, all the ulcer-building uncertainty of life with Veronica, came back in belch-busting force. I looked at Flo, beautiful even when convulsed with laughter, and I knew it wasn't her. I thought, *Who and what the hell do I want?* — and, just then, I didn't have an answer.

But there wasn't time for a great deal of cerebral activity — not then. A tall character strode up, wearing a striped grey suit and glowering at me. I saw the cufflinks and knew this was it again.

"You bastard!" said Stinky Rick. "I meet the girl I've been looking for all my life, and you have to louse everything up."

Like an idiot, I got to my feet. "Listen, bub," I said. "If anybody's been loused up, it's you and this poor man's Anna Magnani. All I —"

What I was trying to say was that all I wanted was for him to take Veronica the hell out of there and get lost with her, preferably in the vicinity of Angkor Wat. But apparently the "poor man's Anna Magnani" was too much for him. He swung a roundhouse right and I tried to get my own hands up off the back of the chair, where they had been resting with dignity.

This show of dignity undid me, for I was not quite in time.

When I came to, I felt as if I had fallen asleep in a movie grind house and awakened during the next show. There I was, flat on my back — in bed again, in my own apartment, and there was that Suzi Harris witch sitting on the foot of it, smoking a cigaret. My jaw was throbbing like a Haitian voodoo drum.

She looked at me curiously and said, "Don't you ever win one?"

"No!" I told her with what I hoped was disarming candor. "You've cut your hair."

"You called it a hedge," she said reproachfully. "I couldn't stand it in the mirror after that." My jaw gave a twinge that made it feel like a crumbling, upside down gable from Hawthorne's House of the Seven Dittoes. I was curious. I said, "Have you been making the rescue and care of Marc Weston a life work or something?"

"Not exactly," she said, returning my gaze quite frankly. "I never laid eyes on you till the other night. But I haven't been able to forget you — the newspapers wouldn't let me."

"So how come you were there at that particular restaurant today?" I asked. "That is, if it still is today."

"It still is," she replied calmly. "When I read that item about you and Flo Bentley, I decided to take a look at her. She *always* lunches there — it's a statistic, like annual rainfall or the graft in City Hall. So . . ." She let it hang, then added, "I wasn't exactly figuring on the rest." Then, thoughtfully, "I don't think Flo is for you, either."

"Skip it," I told her. "I decided that Saturday night. What happened to her?"

"She went home after the boys ran out of flashbulbs," said Suzi, leaning toward me to tamp out her cigaret. "That left me holding the bag as usual."

"I resent that!" I told her. The view her cigaret-tamping contortion gave me was eye-popping. She came in a mighty small package, but there was a lot of girl there. I looked at her, and her eyes and lips and little straight nose were very, very close.

I said, "It's about time you earned that fifty bucks I gave you Saturday."

She gave me a slanting look from the corner of those almond-shaped sloe-black eyes that sent my blood-pressure popping. She looked at me thoughtfully, then unzipped herself along the side. "You know," she remarked, "I always did want to work for a living."

I knew right then I had me a girl — *the* girl! And for once in my life, I was right.

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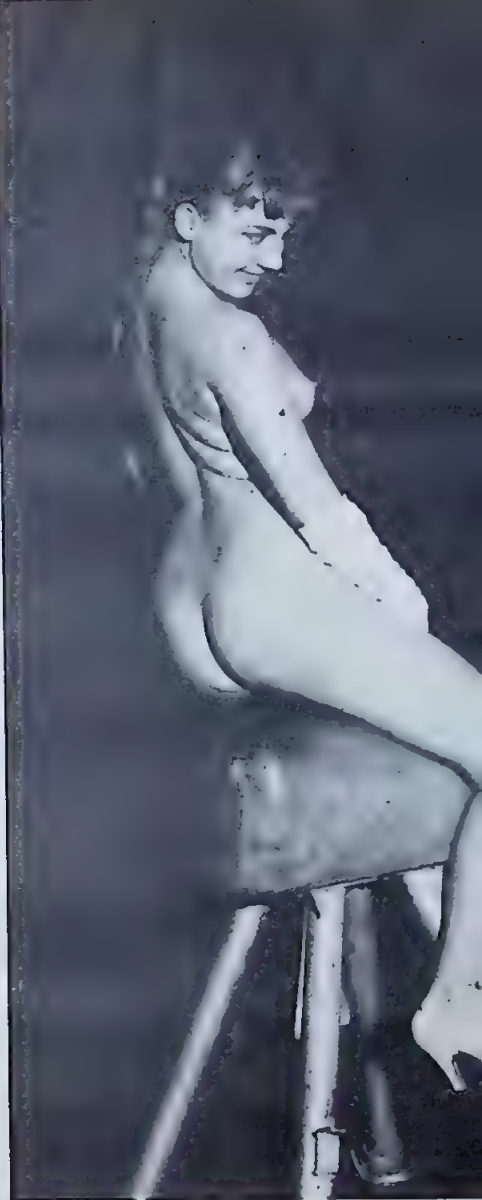
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**Hottest nightspot
in Gay Paree is
takeoff on America's
wild west . . .
but with variations
Buffalo Bill
never dreamt of!**

CRAZY HORSE SALOON

■T TOOK THE Sioux Indians of the old American Wild West to come up with a name like Crazy Horse, the real conqueror of Custer — but it took the promoters and girls of postwar Paris to turn Crazy Horse into the craziest saloon in both hemispheres. Currently the hottest nightspot in the gay French capital, strippers at this house of revelry shed their inhibitions along with their garments in a manner calculated to pop the eyes of even the most

jaded male patrons. Combining a dash of Buffalo Bill with a lot more of Minsky, the Crazy Horse is one of the few current tourist traps in Paris that draws mustache-twirling native boulevardiers along with visiting Rebels and Yanks. For the French, as witness their famed Apaches and century-old love of James Fenimore Cooper's Indian novels, have always adored the American Redskin.







If the girls and occasional novelty acts are not enough to keep the customers in as well as out of their seats, astute owner Robert Bernardin has come up with another bistro novelty — a sliding scale of prices that makes each successive round of cognac or champagne less costly than the one which preceded it. In short, the more you drink the less you pay — an innovation that has the thirstier customers growing increasingly happy as they keep on ordering, and one which ensures the sale of plenty of drinks during the night hours of 10 p.m. until 6 a.m. that the Crazy Horse is open for business.

But it's the girls — the strippers — who make this Horse real Crazy. Blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes — they wriggle and writhe and undulate as they go through varied processes of working their way down to the essential pancake powder and figleaf. The doorman and fixtures may look Western, but while these girls are performing an American act in the strip-tease, they manage to bring a distinctly Parisienne style to their business — witness the dash with which long gloves, necklaces and earrings are handled, and even the jauntiness of their figleaves. Old Crazy Horse himself never had it so good!





TAX,
from page 21

and snow-white of hair, yet alert of eye, sat just inside the doorway in a wheelchair, viewing his stepdaughter with evident alarm.

"It's all right, sir—I think," Peter told the selectman. "Your—er—Carol just fainted, that's all?"

"Carol—*fainted?*?" Professor Meredith sounded incredulous. "The girl's healthy as a horse. Wears me out, rather, with her exuberant vitality."

"I'll thank you," said the subject of the discussion in a weak but unquavering voice, "to keep your big mouth shut, Arnold. Just because you're my stepfather doesn't give you the right to paw me over verbally with this—this barbarian."

"I'm not certain the—barbarian and I have met," said the professor with a glint of quick amusement. "Since you're conscious my dear, you might do the honors."

"Honor and Peter van Haick are not on speaking terms," she replied loftily, sitting up in a single swift, graceful motion. "Certainly Mr. van Haick and I are not. Let him introduce himself, since you aren't going to throw him out of this house." With that, she marched from the room, head held high. The effect of her lofty exit was somewhat marred when she

stubbed her toe on the frayed edge of the faded Persian carpet and left the room doing a sort of off-to-Buffalo instead of with measured tread.

With Carol gone, Professor Meredith smiled ruefully, then sighed and said, "Poor Carol's like her mother, I fear—no sense of humor. I gather you've found that out for yourself."

"Yes indeed, sir," said Peter. "I hope my barging in like this isn't inconveniencing you unduly, but I do feel that it's important." He proceeded to give the student side of the recent local news, and of the proposed measure to employ the student poll-tax receipts for a preliminary survey toward tearing down and rebuilding the center of town.

"Frankly," Peter concluded, "the undergraduate body is up in arms. We want these thieves stopped, and we're hoping you'll help us stop them, sir."

The professor nodded. In repose, he looked his years and the marks of his long illness were upon him. He said, "I'm not wholly sure that the word 'thieves' is exactly fitting for my esteemed colleagues Wendell and Her-ring, though they do seem to have been acting rather high-handedly where the student body is concerned. Put it down to their desire to give the town of Alden some sadly needed improvement."

"Sure," said Peter acidly, "and to make a fat buck out of it at the same time."

"They are a trifle worldly," said the professor, "but that is not necessarily an evil trait—as long as it's held within bounds."

"Then you'll help us stem this tide

of civic corruption, sir?" said Peter eagerly.

Professor Meredith smiled at his words, then nodded. "As far as my health will permit," he replied gently. "I've been ordered not to partake in any unnecessary activity or to undergo any needless mental or nervous strain for another three months. But perhaps I *have* been overdoing it. I feel that, with a little influence from the right quarter, I can get them to see the light. Don't worry, young man, we'll save the Malt Shop for the indigestion of future generations of Alden students."

It was dismissal. Yet it was with a fine full sense of mission accomplished that Peter bade the older man farewell and made his way toward the front door. There, however, a furious Carol LeVan intercepted him and stepped outside with him. Peter beamed down at her delicious curves and said, "You coming for a ride, honey?"

She stamped a sandal-clad foot on his left foot, thereby hurting him not at all and causing herself to slip and almost leave the front entry in a skid. Peter intercepted her with a surprisingly fast flinging-out of one of his Sequoia-like arms. Pulling herself free of his embrace with a gesture so violent it all but tore the pink sweater from her lithe, opulent torso, she cried, "I'd rather be dead than ride with you in that brothel on wheels."

"You're cute," said Peter, holding her round little chin firmly between thumb and forefinger. "If I hadn't been suffering from a misapprehension as to your true identity, honey, when we took our little ride together last June, I'd never have offered you fifty dollars afterward—I'd have charged you a fee for taking a lesson from the old master."

"Ooooooohhh!" she exclaimed again, and tried to slap his face. Peter caught her hand in time and returned it gently but firmly to her side. Then he said, "Take it easy, honey. A beautiful chick like you has no business going around hating men!"

"I don't hate men," she snapped. "The only man I hate is—"

"Peter van Haick," he finished for her. "If we can't be lovers, or even friends, let's patch up some sort of a truce while I'm dealing with your step-daddy these next few days. I didn't know you were here—honest."

"Why should I help you?" she countered, still furious. "I may have been an idiot, but I fell in love with you last June—though the very memory of it makes me sick now."

"It didn't make you sick then," said Peter, regarding her placidly. "You were quite an eager little beaver, as I remember. But to hell with that jazz now—I came here to ask your step-daddy to—"

Adam



"Now, the point of the game is for you to make it light up."

"I heard," she replied sternly. "Isn't it just like you selfish students to try to block progress?" She looked viciously at a place on the side of the house that was sadly in need of a coat of paint, then at the trim, ranch-style split-level on the far side of the street beyond the ragged hedge. "I'm so sick of old, worn-out things, I could burn them all down."

"Just don't stand in my way," said Peter. He turned abruptly and got into his four-wheeled red peril and drove off in a grind of gears and gravel. He was so angry he sped past the Malt Shop, even though he had intended to stop in there for a Double-Pineapple Swizzle, and was promptly given a ticket for speeding by Constable Kennedy. Thus, by the time he got back to his house, he was in a fine, fair mood to get plastered, a condition he sought assiduously for some hours afterward, but to no avail. Getting drunk, for Peter, was a task as arduous as it was expensive—thanks both to his immense size and to the fact he had a head like the Rock of Gibraltar.

Thus, without intention or visible aim, Peter was flung into the forefront, not to say the thick, of the revolt of the adult Alden student body against the leaders of the old college town. Alone and with Paddy Gregory, and other embattled students, he visited the chairbound Professor a good half-dozen times, preparing the older man for the Town Meeting. E. Percy Wendell, not at all anxious to cause a decisive split between Town and Gown was softened up, leaving only Real Estate man and Contractor Timothy Herring determined to bull through the remodeling of the central blocks, and the collegiate cause looked like a shoo-in. Carol avoided Peter as far as possible, and kept verbal intercourse to a chill, polite minimum during the period. All in all, Peter was well satisfied when he turned in on the eve of the Town Meeting the following week.

III

SOMETIME THAT NIGHT, the snow began to fall. The white stuff continued coming down all the next day, and by evening, with the town meeting less than an hour away, more than a foot of white water-crystals covered campus and community alike, blocking unploughed surrounding roads and making all locomotion, even in the center, difficult. Peter ploughed stolidly through it, clad in flapping galoshes, his copy of the Alden Township "Annual Selectman's Report" stuffed into a jacket pocket.

"Bad news, Peter," said Doak Stebins as he pushed his way into the draughty old building, with its in-

adequate cloakrooms, its sagging, uncertain stage and its precarious balcony.

"What gives?" Peter asked. He had planned to arrive a half-hour earlier, but had been delayed by the imperative need of digging his red Jaguar out of a snowdrift and getting it safely domiciled in a garage.

"The Professor," said Doak. "He can't make the meeting in all this snow. His doctor absolutely forbids it."

"Yipe!" cried Peter, alarmed. "That's lousy. So what do we do?" For the moment, his sense of leadership lay dormant.

"Don't ask me—I'm worried," Doak informed him. "All I know is, Prof Meredith is sending a deputy to vote his ticket by proxy."

"That sounds okay," said Peter, feeling somewhat reassured. "Who'd he send?"

For answer, Doak nodded toward the platform. Along with Timothy Herring, sundry town officials including the chief of police and the fire captain, Carol LeVan sat demure and delectable in a blue-knit dress, with a sheared beaver coat hung over the back of her wooden chair.

Peter felt alarm gongs ring out all over. He said, "I dunno, Doak—but I don't trust that little filly."

"Carol?" Doak, whose relationship with Carol was much less personal than Peter's. "She's a doll—she wouldn't do anything out of line."

"Let us pray," Peter countered tersely. He made his way mountainously to a pitifully inadequate folding chair that creaked loud protest under his weight, even as dignified, fussy-looking E. Percy Wendell made his way to the speaker's podium, adjusting his pince-nez. The old auditorium, packed to its rafters despite the weather, waited in silence broken only by a couple of coughs and a single, percussive, loud sneeze. The smell of wet woolens thawing out in steam-heat blended with the more usual aromas of tobacco and massed perfumes.

The audience, particularly the undergraduates among it, grew restive for continuance requested and voted upon. The time was well past 10 o'clock when Timothy Herring, stocky and red and determined of face, took the floor to open discussion of the proposal for an estimate toward tearing down and rebuilding the two center blocks that constituted most of the Alden business and shopping district. He was forceful and quite convincing, and sat down with a stern, brook-no-defiance look at its end.

Peter waited for either Carol LeVan or E. Percy Wendell to rise and make the opposition speeches so carefully planned. But E. Percy merely fussed

—turn to page 60

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TAX, from page 59

with his pince-nez and said nothing, while Carol blandly and demurely matched his muteness. "How do you like that?" muttered Peter.

"I'll be damned!" murmured Doak Stebbins. "The old double cross."

"Are you going to let them get away with it?" asked pert, brunette Val Stebbins, nestled on Peter's other side.

To his own surprise, Peter found himself on his feet, calling, "Mr. Speaker!"

He was recognized and, without notes or preparation, found himself delivering a speech. At first, it was a paralyzing experience, especially since his tongue seemed to have developed an abnormal thickness that caused it to fill his mouth so thoroughly that the words he sought had a difficult time getting around it at all; much less with distinctness. But, somehow, he managed to get them out, and thereafter the adlib address went more smoothly.

He went over Paddy Gregory's impassioned protest against the tearing down of old, valued and historic buildings. He added embellishments of his own, citing the fact that, to at least 25 generations of Alden undergraduates, the present shops and offices were an integral part of the tradition the sons of the Blue and Silver had come to love, to cherish, to respect.

Finally, he said, "And what about the present businessfolk and shopkeepers occupying these unique premises? Have they been consulted? Has their prosperity been taken into account, to say nothing of the losses they must incur while the tearing-down and rebuilding operation is in progress? This, fellow-townpeople, is a form of tyranny that has become all too common in our supposedly free land—the tyranny of those who would dispossess us in the name of unneeded, unwanted 'improvement', whose real purpose is to put fat new profits in the pockets of those who pose as community benefactors. I ask that a vote be taken right now."

The motion was seconded amid cheers, whistles and stamping of feet and clapping of hands by the undergraduates present. Peter sat down in a glow of accomplishment, although Val Stebbins' fit of giggles proved somewhat disturbing to his new-found self-esteem as a public orator.

"Such corn!" she murmured, and he glared at her fiercely.

Peter took it for granted the cause was lost, or would be as soon as a vote was taken. After all, there were a lot more townsfolk than undergraduates in Alden, and only about half of the students were of voting age. Yet, rather to his surprise, a

suddenly flustered E. Percy Wendell deferred the issue, suggesting that more time and consideration was due before putting it to a vote.

"How do you like that?" Peter muttered, puzzled.

"I like," said Doak Stebbins, on his right. "I like it very much."

"So do I," said Val. "Peter, they must be afraid the people believed you—and you never even mentioned Joe Marty and his Malt Shop. I wonder..." Bright-eyed, Val began to crane her neck and mutter softly to herself.

"Whatever you're doing, cut it out," Peter told her, sotto voice.

"Shut up—I'm counting the house," she replied and went right on doing it.

Nominations and the election of selectmen for the coming year was the next item on the Town Meeting agenda. E. Percy was proposed, seconded, voted in. So was Professor Meredith, seconded by his daughter. Then it was Timothy Herring's turn—the old regime was still in power—or so it seemed.

And then, suddenly, Val Stebbins was on her feet, her dark eyes ablaze with amused excitement. "I propose," she caroled in her clear soprano once she had the floor, "that since the undergraduate body of Alden University is assessed for tax purposes, that it ought to be represented on the Board of Selectmen. I therefore nominate the undergraduate who has so stirringly and successfully defended the town of Alden as we know and love it. I nominate Peter van Haick!"

"Have you gone goofy?" asked a stunned Peter as Val again sat down, with his nomination seconded and cheered to the rafters.

"Wait," she said, as a vote was called for.

Incredibly, Peter was elected and moved to the platform to take over Timothy Herring's chair. It dawned on him then that, if they had the snow to thank for Professor Herring's non-attendance, he also had it to thank for his present, totally unexpected eminence. Since the university was close to the Town Hall, the undergraduates had turned out in force, while many of the non-collegiate citizens had been unable to attend thanks to drift-blocked roads.

He risked a glance at Carol, who refused to meet it, but sat staring straight ahead, with a bright spot of color in either cheek. All at once, this girl was intensely desirable to Peter. The draughty, somewhat stuffy surroundings of the old Town Hall melted away, and once more it was a soft June night under the silver stars, and he and Carol were enjoying all the raptures of nature abetted by man

(and woman). Seeing her there, so furious at his success, he knew, suddenly, that he was going to have to reclaim the rapture they had enjoyed or be very, very unhappy. And Peter was not, by nature or temperament, equipped to endure this particular sort of unhappiness for long.

He came out of his reverie in time to discover that his colleague, E. Percy Wendell, was steam-rolling the meeting to a quick close. He was, on the whole, well satisfied, since he felt a little silly sitting up there in front of most of the town. Besides, he wanted to get busy with regaining Carol's favors. But then a new, shrill, familiar voice from the floor interrupted the well-oiled proceedings. Owl-eyed, bespectacled Paddy Gregory was on his feet.

"Mr. Speaker," he protested when he had gained recognition with difficulty. "A large portion of this township wants an immediate vote on the question of tearing down the two blocks in the center of town—a large, tax-paying portion," he added.

A heated hassle followed, in which Paddy insisted that, according to the Alden Charter, the deferment was invalid since the election of a new selectman, and that the insistence of any one selectman was sufficient to bring the matter to a popular vote. Paddy, for once in his life, was right, and Peter rose and put the question to the house. It was promptly voted out of existence, to E. Percy's and Carol's fury and the enthusiastic acclaim of the college segment.

"Mr. Speaker!" It was Paddy again. "It has been duly noted that certain funds, now in the town treasury, had been earmarked for a preliminary survey of the proposed modernization. I believe that now is the proper time to discuss and vote on the uses to which the money be put."

It was Val Stebbins who rose then. She cried, "I move that the Town of Alden use a portion of this money to lay a red-velvet carpet between the Campus of Alden University and that of Princeton, New Jersey."

There was stunned silence—after all, the distance involved was some 300 mountainous miles—followed by a roar of laughter. The measure was passed by acclaim.

Then Val's brother, Doak was on his feet. "I propose that the male undergraduates of Alden University should not be thus prejudiced against in favor of the female element," he cried. "Therefore, let more of the said funds be earmarked for the laying of a similar red-velvet carpet to Vassar College!"

The revolt of the students was in full cry. Thanks to the irritating poll-tax assessed against them by the select-

men, they had the power — and they were using it. Peter sneaked a look at Carol LeVan as College Senior Mike Finnegan proposed and obtained passage of a measure to have the Memorial Fountain on Main Street spout champagne instead of water the evening Mid-year exams were officially concluded. The look of utter loathing and hatred Carol tossed his way caused Peter's native sense of defiance to boil. Massively, he got to his own feet.

"My own proposal is a more modest one," he stated when he had the floor. "It is simply that, while on duty, every member of the Alden Constabulary should wear a bell that is audible at least fifty feet away at all times, and that these bells shall be worn around the neck by a cord."

He looked again at Carol amid the pandemonium as he sat down. She appeared to be on the verge of tears. However, instinct and experience told him that this was not the time for softness. Instead, he grinned at her and winked his left eye derisively.

IV

WORD OF THE REVOLT of the students of Alden University against the town was blazoned in newspapers the world around within a matter of hours, and the usually sleepy little community became a focal point for a small army of special correspondents, newspaper cameramen, newsreel cameramen, TV cameramen, radio commentators and all the sundry specialists of mid-twentieth century newsgathering media. To his astonishment, as ringleader of the revolution, to say nothing of Town Selectman Extraordinary, Peter found himself badgered day and night by strangers in search of a story. The idea of the red-velvet carpets to Vassar and Princeton, of the champagne fountain and of belling the constabulary had enchanted a sorely bedeviled world. The monstrous undergraduate found himself telling the story over and over again, and he grew so accustomed to the popping of flashbulbs that he no longer even blinked when they were exploded in his face.

"I wish you'd all kept your big mouths shut," he said morosely to Val Stebbins one grey afternoon in the Malt Shop.

"You should have kept your big yap closed in the first place then," said Val. Since she and Peter were not only basic-amiable young beings, as well as mutually compatible, such snapishness was unusual between them. Val, who knew Peter better than anyone save, perhaps, his father, laid her spoon down beside her sherbet dish and added, "I know what's bothering you, Peter van Haick. It's not the notoriety — it's that little

bundle of sex who calls herself Carol LeVan."

"She's part of it," he admitted grudgingly. "But there's a lot of work connected with this selectman kick — and that and all these newsmen around are cutting into my studies, to say nothing of my sex-life."

"To hell with your sexlife!" said Val sharply. Then, softening, "I'm sorry, Peter, but a girl does get tired sitting around and watching and waiting while a big idiot like you plays bumblebee flitting from blossom to blossom."

"That," he told her, "is what you get for watching and waiting, honey." He softened the words with a grin, then covered a capacious yawn and sighed. "No fooling, Val, I've got a stack of town records on my table at the house a foot high. And I'm supposed to know them letter perfect before the bi-monthly meeting March. If I'm not lucky, I'll flunk my midyears, and good-bye van Haick."

"Why don't you get out from under then," Val suggested. "I don't think Alden is going to burst out crying if you resign. Pressure of studies, something like that."

He laid down his spoon and looked at her in gaping amazement. Then he drawled, "Now why couldn't I have thought of that?" He pushed his chair back from the mottled marble-top table. "Honey, I'm on my way right now."

The darkness of early evening was descending upon Alden as Peter stepped out into the snow-packed street. He paused momentarily, to inhale the crisp, chill winter air deeply, and to prepare himself for the moves he had to make to relieve himself of the unwanted burdens of office. It was a nice old town, he reflected, one which deserved a better civic officer than such a light-headed, irresponsible character as himself.

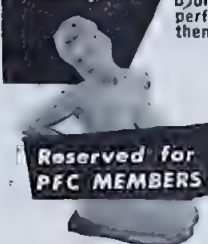
The faint tinkle of a bell roused him to awareness of the here and now. Constable Kennedy was shuffling along the sidewalk toward him. His usually erect posture had developed a sag since the fabulous Town Meeting, and he seemed to move cringingly in fear of developing a sudden and acute attack of jeering and gibbering small boys. As he approached Peter, he paused and regarded him mournfully, the silver bell hanging about his neck glittering as it picked up a highlight.

"Evening, Kennedy," said Peter, stifling any qualms of conscience he might be feeling at the misery he had inflicted upon a fellow being.

"Evening, sir," said the constable. He straightened briefly and opened his mouth as if to voice protest against his tormentor. But the silver bell

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One Little Article and How It Grew

by **E. JEROME POINC**
photographs by **JOEL E. COLMAN**



A typical working day in the lives
of one of ADAM'S scintillating
writer-photographer teams

SO YOU THINK there's no cooler occupation than sitting around with a camera, typewriter, and a half naked chick dreaming up articles for ADAM? Bah! We'd bet there isn't a guy on earth who reads these pages who doesn't think it's one heck of a deal. Well, boy, we'll clue you — it's a drag!

Maybe you aren't hep to the countless hours we spend just tossing around ideas; maybe you aren't hep to the emotional strain of finally deciding on a subject and then struggling to create an intriguing reality from a bare conception; maybe you aren't hep to how ulcers can bring you down. And what's so jazzy about pushing around a model's make-up-caked-this-and-that to get just the right pose — man, the stuff's sticky.

Just to prove to you that your envy's from nowhere, we photographed a typical working day. Look and learn, friends, compared to ours, your work's a ball.

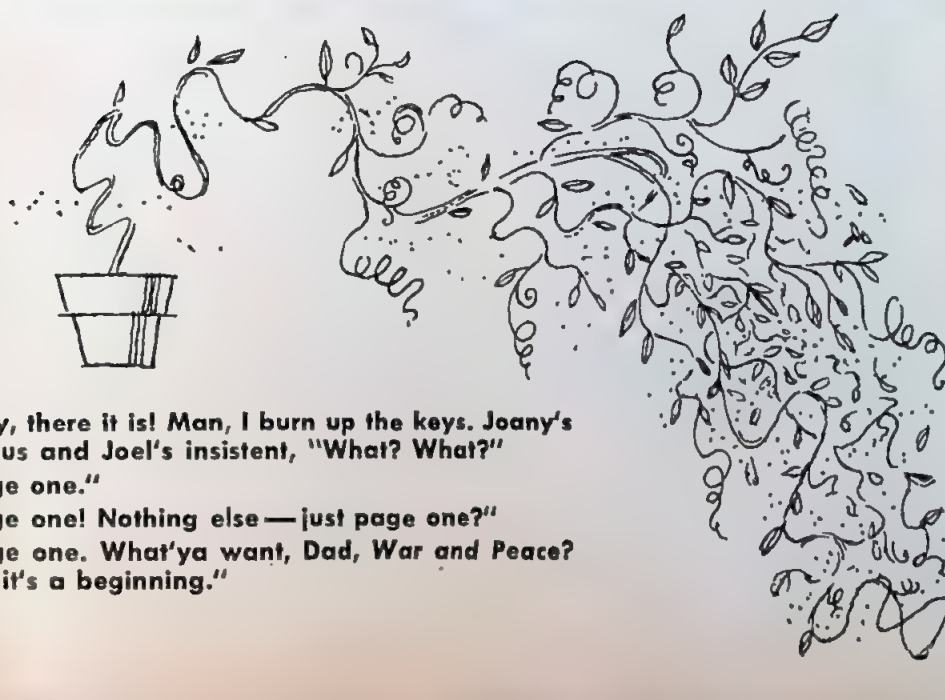
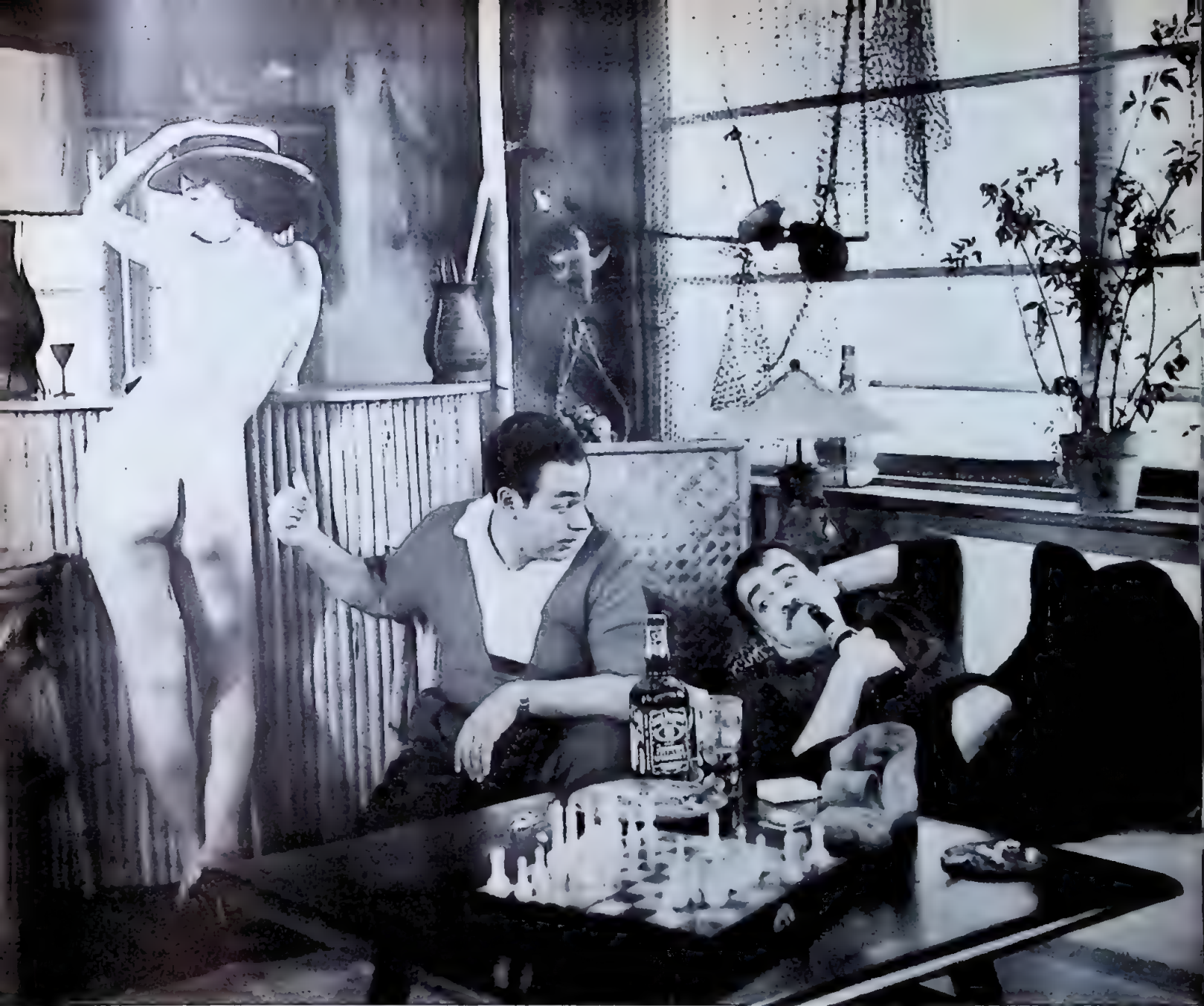
At nine a.m., it's rough, exhausting labor just hauling in our equipment. And don't think a blank sheet of paper isn't anxiety provoking. Can we outline a saleable idea on it? Or will we have to revert to rolling Girl Scouts for their cooky sale proceeds?

And each session represents a financial investment; every minute that isn't utilized to its fullest is costing us bread. Well, Joel, (he's the stud standing beside the distinguished seated gentleman) has his camera set and begins to sweat things. "Maybe you could bring yourself to start thinking. She's costing us twenty-five an hour."

"I'm thinking, I'm thinking."

He's a cool photographer, but pretty square when it comes to understanding that a writer may find inspiration in seemingly frivolous pursuits.





Lordy, there it is! Man, I burn up the keys. Joany's curious and Joel's insistent, "What? What?"

"Page one."

"Page one! Nothing else — just page one?"

"Page one. What'ya want, Dad, War and Peace? Like it's a beginning."

He's a worker, gotta give him credit. With, I suppose, admirable persistence, Joel jazes around with the chick, hoping some chance position of a breast or contortion of a buttock will be an impetus to an idea. (Yeah, man, sure, but that's not the sort of idea we're yacking about.) Anyway, he figures he's on to something. "How about that, huh? How about that?"

"How about lunch?" I'm not one of those avant garde creeps that believes you have to starve to be a flip writer.



And so we have lunch, during which Joany modestly wears a sweater. See, it's a strictly professional relationship. Disappointed, huh?

Late into the evening we wearily plod on, still thinking, still searching for that one brilliant little gem of an idea. Hell, yes, we're tense, you can see it in my haunted eyes. Exhausted, Joel gets irritated and behaves most uncool-ly, "YOU CAN'T THINK STONED!"

"Nonsense, a nip or two activates the imagination, frees the unconscious, disinfects the digestive tract. You think I ought to buy her a Vicuna coat?"

Joel begins to shout, but a few gentle words about returning him to his keeper a day early calm him down.

All right, so sometimes the only intelligent thing to do is admit defeat. We tried our damndest but . . . that's the way it goes, some days are productive and some aren't. Obviously the model simply wasn't inspiring. We're about to toss her out into the alien cold (a crib in Siberia) when our genius clicks simultaneously.

"Joel!"

"Daddy'o!"

The story's not the broad—it's that crazy vine. Look at the monstrous size of it! We'll do a spread for a botanical magazine on the rapid growth of whatever the hell that weed is!



So there you have it—the hassles and the heartaches of the men who create these pages. We don't want your sympathy, just, please, no more elbow digs into the ribs and lecherous cackles about what a pushover our work is and what crazy times we must have with our models. We went home at midnight, and she went home at 5!



tinkled on his breastbone, and he subsided meekly and shuffled along on his way, a broken man.

Peter, looking after him, felt a certain sense of nobility over the fact that he was about to release Kennedy and his fellow-constables from belled bondage, as well as a sense of relief at getting out from under the burdens of office. However, even more deeply he felt joy at the prospect of doing something to earn Carol's gratitude. Desire for Professor Meredith's stepdaughter was chewing steadily away at him. The rapture he had attained with her last June was a mere hors d'oeuvre, a fillip to his lusty imagination, an offering of heaven laid within his grasp and then cruelly removed. If he didn't get Carol soon, he reflected, he was going to lose the rest of his harem, even lovely, long-suffering Val Stebbins. His whole disposition, usually sunny as that of a satiated tomcat, was becoming waspish and old-maidish under the pressure of passion unslaked and frustration unremitted.

He found the Professor much better and out of his wheel-chair, walking about with a cane. The former history department head eyed Peter keenly and said, "I'd rather hoped you'd show up, Peter. There are certain fundamentals to being a selectman of this community that are sorely in need of attention. I hope you are ready to buckle down to work."

"I am, sir," replied Peter, "If I don't, I'll flunk myself right out of college. So I've come here to offer my resignation as selectman in favor of someone with more time and experi-

ence to give the job."

"I suppose that's the only sensible course," said Professor Meredith with a trace of regret. "I was rather looking forward to having a bit of new blood, new life, in the administration. How I wish I had been able to attend the Meeting! It must have been magnificent. And some people think our youth is becoming over-conformist!"

"Frankly, sir," admitted Peter, "it was a mess. Things got way out of hand." He paused, then added with a sparkle in his eyes, "Still, it was fun!"

"I don't blame you for any of it," said the Professor. "Frankly, when I learned of the role my stepdaughter played, I only wished I'd been well enough to skin her alive." He looked around as if to find her, then said, "I don't know where she is, just now, Peter. She went out somewhere in the car half an hour or so ago."

"Okay, sir," said Peter, disappointed at not finding Carol there.

"And don't worry about your resignation. I'll take care of that for you. I feel I'm about ready to step in again myself, and I'm sure I can keep our friends Wendell and Herring in Line."

"I'm sure you can, sir." It was dismissal. No opportunity to linger until Carol returned, to tell her of the sacrifice he was making, to seek to get things straightened out once more between them. If only, he thought, he hadn't mistaken her last June for one of the call girls from town and tried to pay her that fifty bucks! It occurred to him that, like the Alden Constabulary, either whores or virtuous women ought to wear bells so that a well-meaning lover could tell them apart...

After parking his car, he left the garage near the fraternity house and was headed for home when he heard himself peremptorily honked at from across the street. He went over obediently, to a large, well-worn sedan parked by the opposite curb. Carol was sitting in the driver's seat. She beckoned him inside, and he got in.

"This," he said, "is an unexpected delight."

"Peter." She was very, very serious as she headed the sedan out of town through the darkening snow. "Peter, I'm through fighting."

"That's wonderful news, honey," he told her, sliding an elephantine left arm along the back of the seat. It was warm and cosy, there in the old sedan — and, more important, it was roomier than his own Red Terror. Carol's delectable profile, silhouetted against a primrose-yellow afterglow, was the loveliest thing he had ever seen.

"Peter," she said after a long, pregnant pause, "do you still want me?"

"That," he replied, "is the understatement of the century."

"Do you want me enough to stop making this town the laughing-stock of the country?"

He pretended to ponder the proposition. "You're asking me to give up a lot for a very transitory pleasure," he hedged.

"I hope it's not too transitory," she replied, casting him a quick side-glance.

"That," he told her softly, "is up to you. How come you care so much about civic virtue and improvement and all?"

"I don't know." Her voice was rabbit-fur soft. "It just happened lately, since..."

He understood. He didn't have to ask her to draw him a picture. He said, "Honey, if you take the first left after you pass that crossroads ahead, you'll come to a motel in about a mile."

It turned into an epic evening, even in Peter's epic-studded memory book. She was fiery and sweet and gentle and artfully demanding, and Peter was — well, Peter was Peter, the old master happily employed in the occupation he knew and loved the best. It was past midnight when she dropped him off at the fraternity house.

There, instead of turning in immediately, he waited for the call he knew would come. When it did, Carol was furious, outraged as not even she had ever been before. "Why," she sputtered, "didn't you tell me you had already resigned before I — before you let me — before we...?"

"You know, honey," he told her softly, "I did think about telling you, but you never thought to ask."

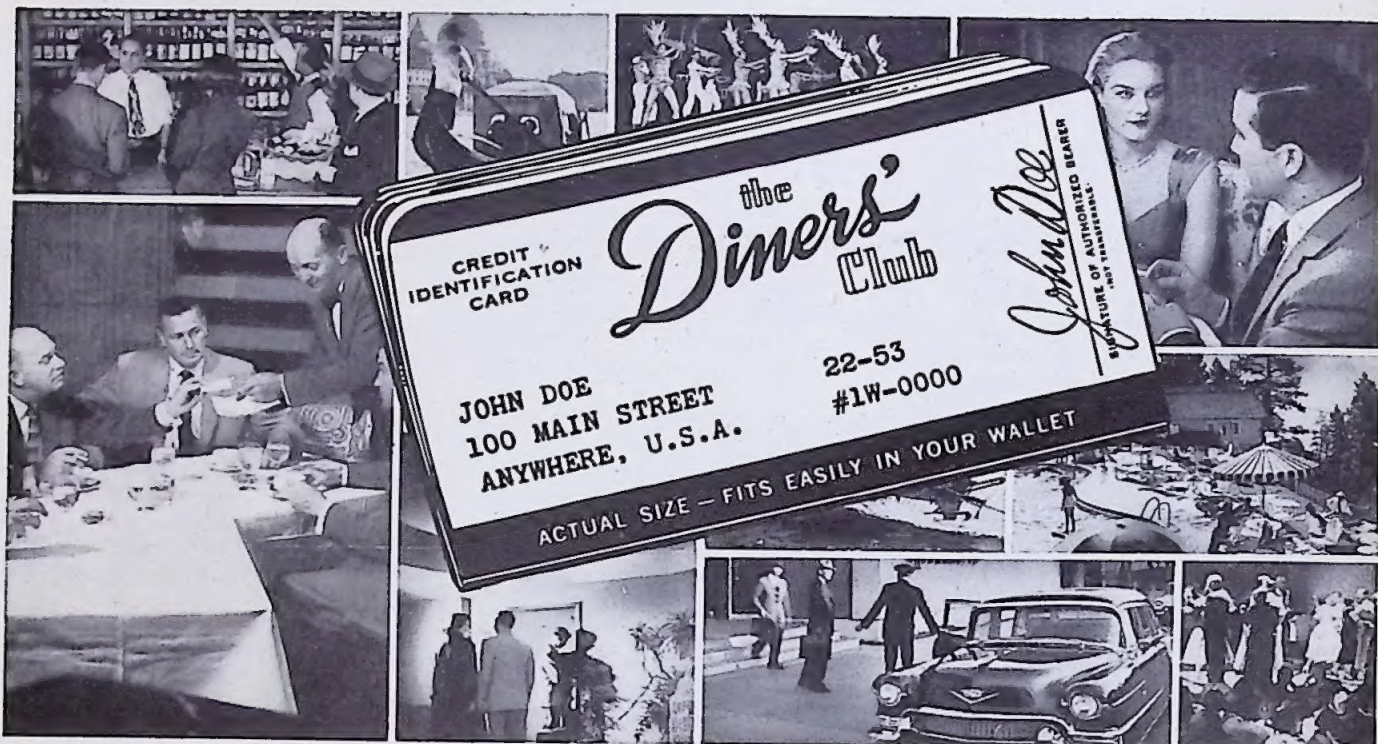
Adam



"Looks like Prof. Dilworth is embarking on another heredity experiment!"

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TAX BULLETIN!

On November 25, 1957, Internal Revenue Service Commissioner, Russell C. Harrington, in commenting on a new regulation which will require taxpayers to fill in new expense account information on their individual income tax forms, stated:

"All individual taxpayers who incur expenses in connection with their employment should keep adequate records of their expenditures and reimbursements, so that for 1958 and later years they will be in a position to supply expense account information from their own records."

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		Loan <input type="checkbox"/>	
CHECK ONE ONLY COMPANY ACCOUNT <input type="checkbox"/> Bill to office address PERSONAL ACCOUNT <input type="checkbox"/> Bill to home address PERSONAL ACCOUNT <input type="checkbox"/> Bill to office address		Have you applied previously? _____ If addition to existing account, show number _____ \$5 FEE: ENCLOSED <input type="checkbox"/> BILL ME <input type="checkbox"/> covers twelve months' membership from date card is issued and includes one year's subscription to Diners' Club Magazine at sixty cents. Card holder assumes individual responsibility with company applicant	
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Signature of executive authorizing company account _____		Title _____	

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Letters to Adam



LITERARY VIEW

Enjoyed your story "Chee-Chee Baby" in ADAM, Vol. 2, No. 9. Let's have more of the same type. Your magazine is improving with each issue.

George Bourlas
Purcellville, Pa.

* * *

MAN IN NEED

Congratulations on your wonderful magazine. Keep up the good work. I have copies from Vol. 1, No. 7 running up to current issues. I would like very much to acquire Vol. 1, Nos. 1 through 6. Would you please ask your readers if they have any to spare. I will pay a fair price for them.

Gerald E. Mobley
Rt. 3, Box 483-A
Port Angeles, Wash.

* * *

ZOWIE!

At the extreme left of Page 9, ADAM, Vol. 2, No. 9, is a set of small pictures and, counting down from the top, readers come to picture number 4—WOWIE! This pic is well worth the price of the entire issue. I get a terrific charge every time I gaze on that lusciously posed dish!

ADAM will always be a real hit with me as long as it keeps on coming up with something like that every issue. That loose and rumpled dress effect is heavenly to behold. Raise the salary of the creator immediately!

Wide Open Eyes
Oakland, Cal.

✿ The creator of that particular page got a raise last month.

* * *

BELLRINGER

I have just completed reading your ADAM ANNUAL of 1958, and I think it is a fine book. I couldn't help but notice the article on pages 78-82 on Virginia Bell. Would you please inform me where I can obtain a life-size picture, in color, of luscious Virginia Bell?

A/1C George H. Kelsay
Det 2—2346th ARFC
McClellan AFB, Cal.

✿ Man you got us. Life-size yet! Sounds like a theater poster to ADAM.

* * *

WHAT'S IN A SMILE?

This goes without saying—your magazine is a masterful work of art. I have enjoyed every copy, bar none. However, in ADAM Vol. 2, No. 10, a slight paradox occurs.

On the cover of the above issue is the most alluring, beautiful and sexy specimen of womanhood I have ever gazed upon. Under this cover, a Mr. Martin Courtney damns (by his article) the woman who shows her choppers (teeth) when trying to appear sexy, and gives as his example of real "sex" the Gioconda by Leonardo da Vinci.

If, after comparing the two, Mr. Courtney still prefers Mona Lisa to Bambi Rogers (cover girl), I suggest you trade him for someone on the staff of "Mad". However, I still believe ADAM will never be outclassed. Stay as good as you are.

Vance Grosmont
Camp Pendleton, Cal.

✿ Mr. Courtney states, ratherly stuffily, that he certainly has no beef on Bambi Rogers. And it wasn't so much pretty girls smiling that bothered him in the article. It was otherwise lovely creatures grinning like Barbary apes.

* * *

HARRIET

I do hope you will like my posed pictures well enough to run one or more of them in your letter column. I'm sorry mine weren't nuder, but it was cold in my photographer-friend's apartment, and we both thought the fur coat had a certain value picture-



wise. My measurements are 35-23-33, I am five feet four and weigh 116 pounds. I am 23 years old and do secretarial work for a living.

Harriet Layne
Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

STUH-RIPPI!

Keep those issues coming. But I would like to see some color pinups in the regular issues. I especially liked "The Monkeying Wench" in Vol. 2, No. 3. Also tried your "Strip 'Em with Poker". Although my gal wasn't as curvaceous as Linda McKuhen, she'll do, at 38-18-36.

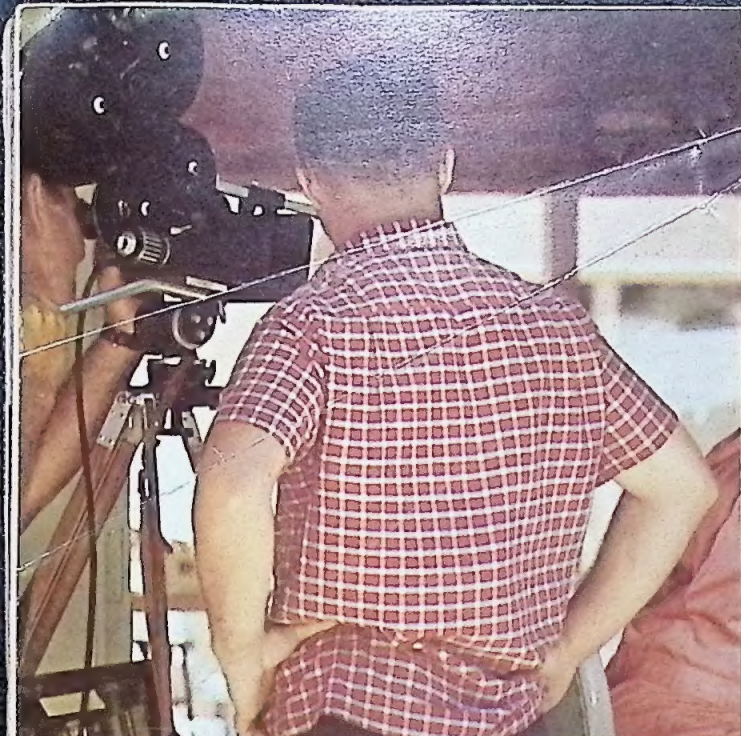
M. R. K.
Concord, Cal.

✿ Yes, indeed she'll do!

* * *



SHIRLEY GOODE, the lass above, shows A readers "How A Girl Popular", in the next DON'T MISS HER!



ADAM In Words and Pictures

- *She Taught Him Secrets Of Life And Love* see pg 4
- *Van Haick's Wildest Dreams Come True* see pg 18
- *Nina Had The Most Astounding Possession* see pg 28
- *How Beautiful Babes Get Minks* . . see pg 40
- *He Had What Every Woman Wanted* see pg 46
- *Paris: Wild Night At The Crazy Horse* see pg 54
- *Nude Model Inspires Bright Ideas* . . see pg 63

• ADAM Goes On Location For Filming Of "The Immoral Mr. Teas" see pg 22

• Intimate Pictureview Of Lush Sandy Lane see pg 7

